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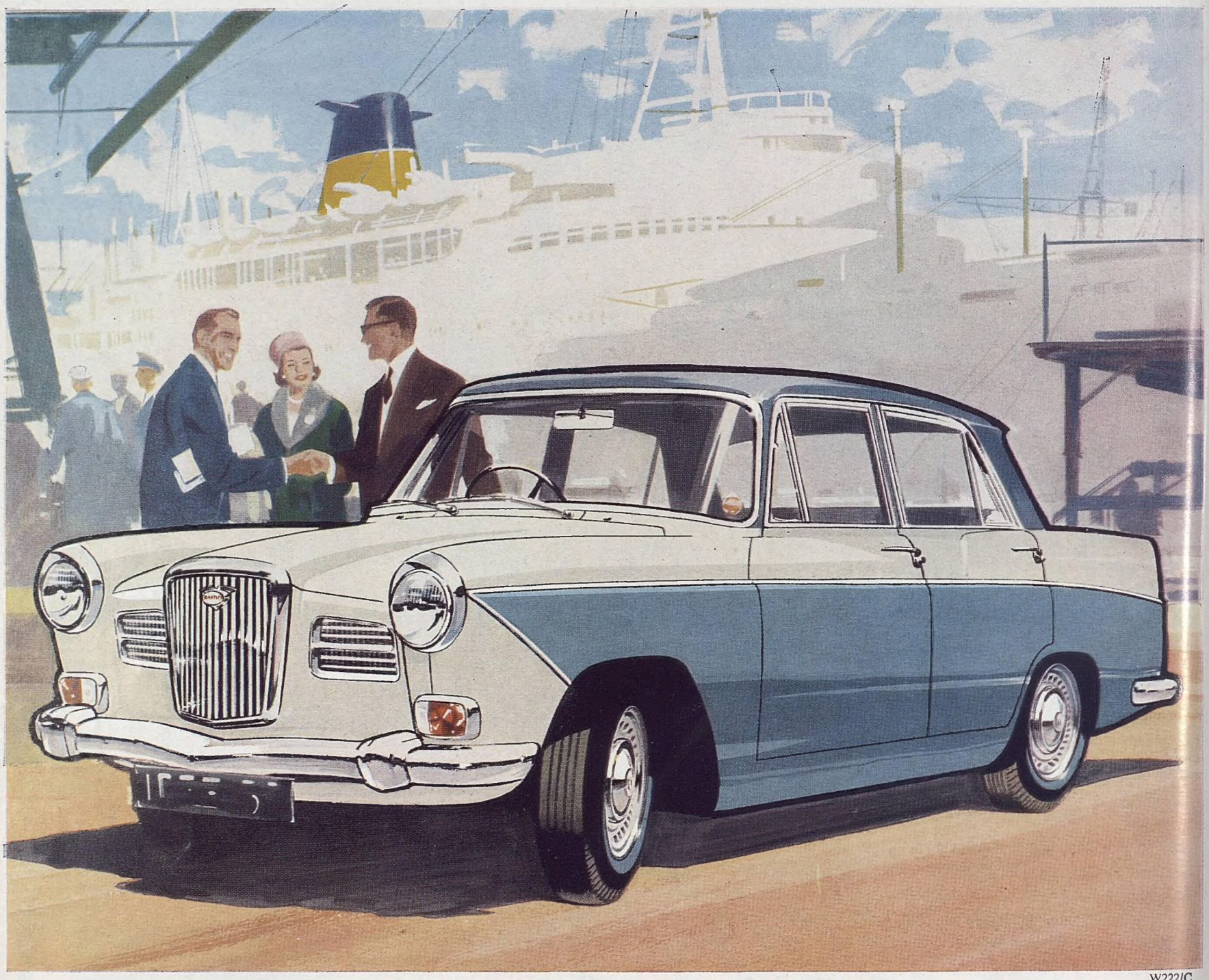

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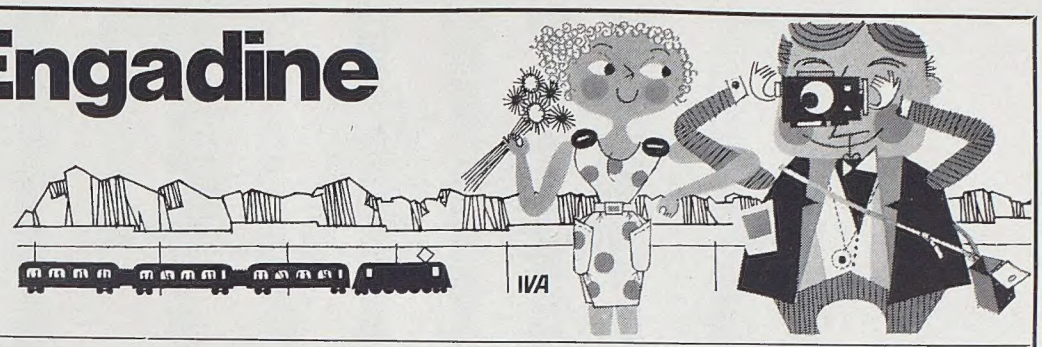

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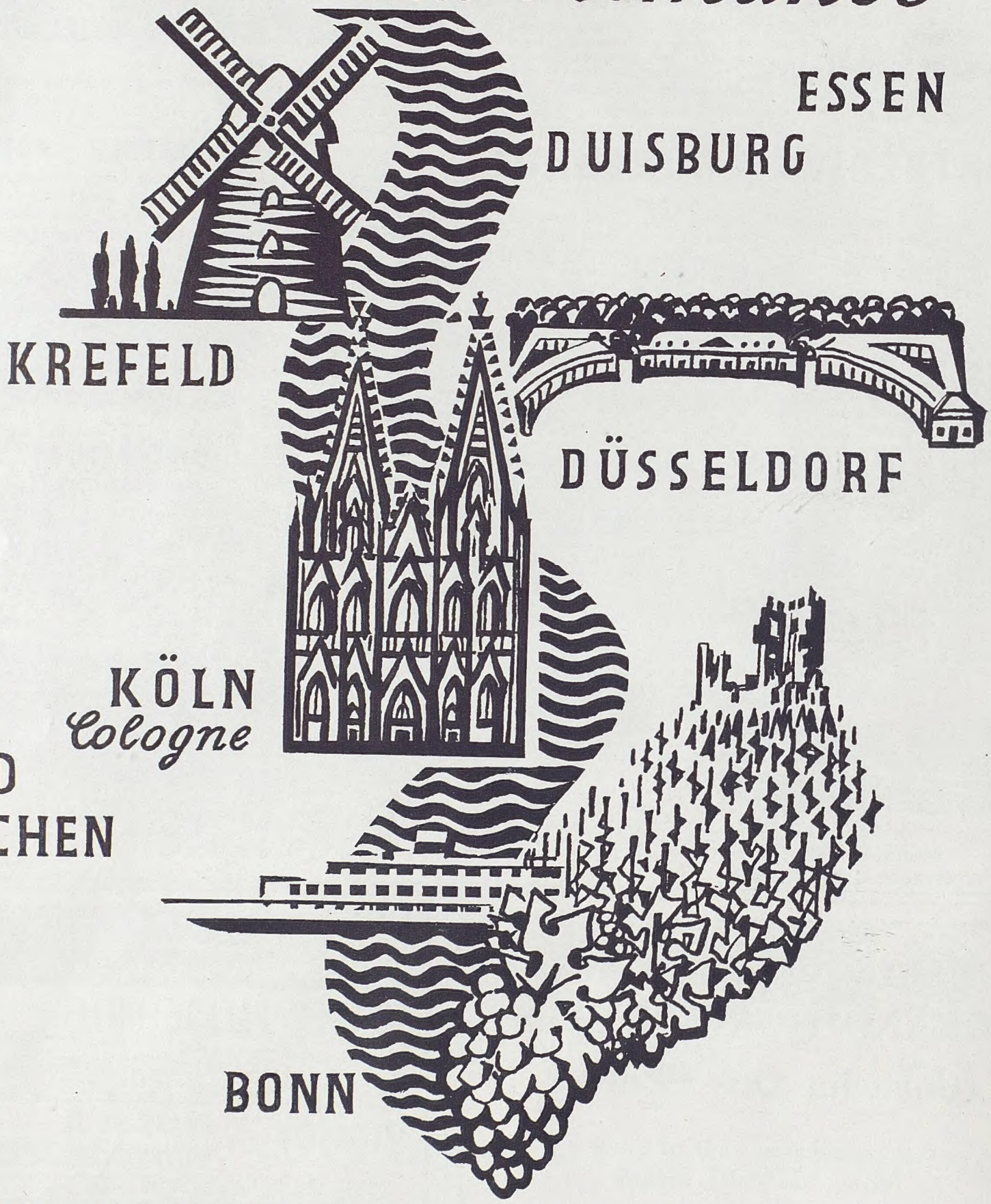

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Volume CCLIII No. 3280

LONDON, April 13, 1963

THE SPHERE

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THE CITY'S WELCOME

At Temple Bar the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh stop before entering the City of London while the Lord Mayor, Sir Ralph Perring, performs the traditional welcoming ceremony. They were on their way to Guildhall for the luncheon to mark their tour of Fiji, New Zealand and Australia. Among those present were members of the Government and the Opposition and representatives of the Commonwealth. In her speech the Queen spoke of the progress being made in Fiji and of the new surge of development going forward in Australia and New Zealand. She was impressed by the way the last two countries were sharing their prosperity with their partners within the Colombo plan. "This sort of co-operation is the essence of the Commonwealth ideal," she added. Her Majesty concluded by thanking "the great multitudes that greeted us in the cities and in the countryside. I thank them all." This week, on Maundy Thursday, the Queen and the Duke will be going to Chelmsford where the Queen will distribute the Royal Maundy in the Cathedral

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DONALD CAMPBELL PREPARING FOR HIS ATTEMPT IN AUSTRALIA ON THE LAND SPEED RECORD

Mr Donald Campbell (left) uses an auger to measure the thickness of the salt crust on Lake Eyre during experimental grading operations of the surface in preparation for his attempt in Bluebird on the World Land Speed Record. According to reports from Adelaide, after the arrival of Bluebird and its attendant cavalcade of vehicles, heavy rain fell over the area of the salt lake. At one time there was as much as an inch of water on the surface. It was not known how long the weather would hold up the attempt. Rain had not fallen at this time of year in the area for six years

AN 88TH BIRTHDAY IN LONDON

Pierre Monteux, Principal Conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra, cuts a cake presented to him by members of the orchestra on his 88th birthday. He was rehearsing the orchestra in London for their three-week tour of Japan

A 75TH ANNIVERSARY IN AMSTERDAM

Far right: Yehudi Menuhin (left), the violinist, and his pianist sister Hephzibah meet Princess Irene of the Netherlands (right) in Amsterdam at a concert on the 75th anniversary of the building of the Concertgebouw, the famous concert hall in the city. Centre is Dr. J. W. de Jong Schouwenberg, the chairman of the managing council of the Concertgebouw

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE FAIRBRIDGE SOCIETY

The Duke of Gloucester, the President of the Fairbridge Society, presides at the annual meeting of the Society in London. Field-Marshal Lord Slim is speaking. The Society's aim is to provide opportunities for children who are likely to benefit from emigration to Canada and Australia. Last year it sent 738 children under its family emigration scheme —a record total, Lord Slim said

A LONDON PRESENTATION

Far right: Mr. Roy Thomson, the Chairman of the Thomson Organisation Ltd., is presented with a "perpetual motion" clock in Thomson House by Mr. H. G. Lazell, Chairman of the Beecham group. The presentation was made on behalf of the party of British businessmen which Mr. Thomson took to Moscow in February last for his *Sunday Times* weekend visit

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Africans try to break through a police cordon outside the courtroom in Rusape, Southern Rhodesia, where Mr. Joshua Nkomo, leader of the banned Zimbabwe African People's Union (ZAPU), was sentenced to six months' imprisonment under the Law and Order (Maintenance) Act. The Magistrate, Mr. M. B. P. van Renen, said that Mr. Nkomo and two others behaved "like hooligans" when police entered a room in Rusape on the night of February 9. Either the police or the defendants were committing perjury in giving their evidence, he said. Three months of the sentence were suspended on condition that Mr. Nkomo was not convicted of a similar offence in the next three years. Only two days earlier, Mr. Nkomo had flown back to Southern Rhodesia from talks in New York with U Thant, Secretary-General of the UN. After the Government decision to end the Federation, Mr. Nkomo said that independence for Southern Rhodesia would be resisted if the constitution were not revised to give the Africans larger representation

OUTSIDE THE COURTROOM WHEN MR. NKOMO WAS SENTENCED TO PRISON

Quinim Pholsena, the Foreign Minister of Laos, was assassinated last week by the corporal of the guard at his home in Vientiane. According to reports from Laos, the Minister's bodyguard was provided by neutralist troops—Mr. Quinim was himself a neutralist. It was believed that the assassination was the result of factional struggles in the neutralist camp. Later, fighting flared up between General Kong Lae's neutralists and other neutralists who sided with the Communist Pathet Lao

THE ASSASSINATED FOREIGN MINISTER OF LAOS

Far right: Rear-Admiral Teodoro Hartung, the Argentine Ambassador in London, last week resigned his appointment in view of the disturbed situation in Argentina. He had been representing his country in Britain since 1958. The anti-Peronist rising in the Argentine was started mainly by the Navy and two retired Generals against President Guido's Government. Although there were reported to be few casualties in the fighting, it was not certain at the end of last week whether truce talks would succeed

THE ARGENTINE AMBASSADOR IN LONDON RESIGNS

At the hundredth session of the EEC Council of Ministers, held in Brussels, Signor Colombo of Italy (left) talks to M. Couve de Murville, the French Foreign Minister. **Far right:** At the same session are Dr. Schroeder, the West German Foreign Minister; Professor Erhard, the West German Economics Minister; M. Fayat of Belgium; and Dr. Mansholt. At the session were 20 Ministers, the EEC's biggest gathering for 20 years

FOREIGN MINISTERS FROM THE SIX EEC COUNTRIES IN SESSION IN BRUSSELS

Two British submarines returned to H.M.S. *Dolphin*, Gosport, last week, after spending three weeks under the Polar ice-cap. They were trying out new and improved instruments for discovering holes in the ice (technically known as polynia). **Right** is one of the two submarines, *Grampus*, having surfaced through an ice-hole. It was announced that the experiments carried out by the *Grampus* and her companion *Porpoise* were successful. They also set up new endurance records for conventional underwater craft—sailing 515 miles under ice and penetrating beneath the ice-cap to between 40 and 50 miles. Slight difficulty was experienced by *Grampus* at one ice-hole, when she rolled on submerging, denting her alloy fin on the ice. But the damage was only superficial

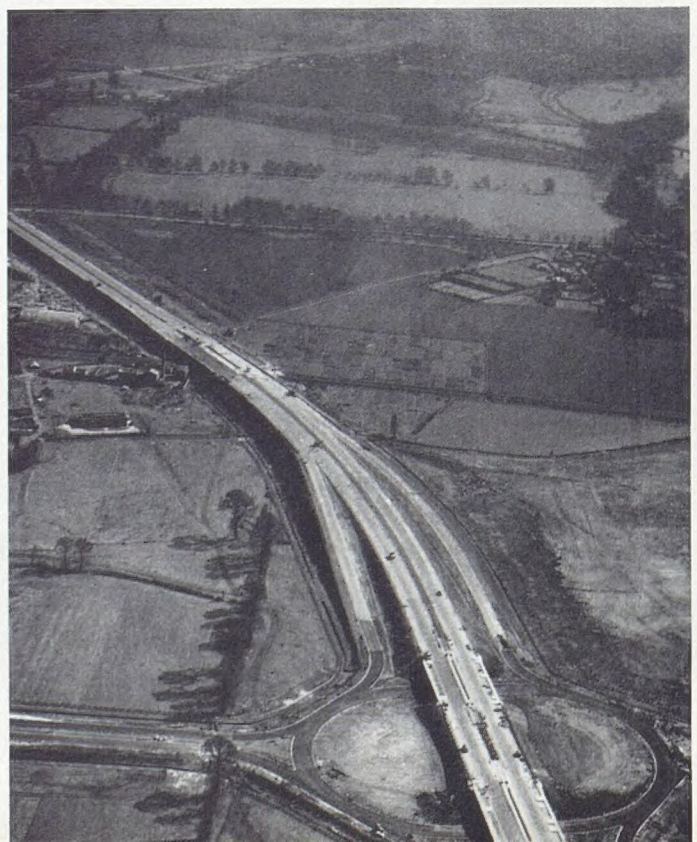
FINDING THE HOLES IN THE POLAR ICE-CAP

A large new lifeboat, incorporating a novel self-righting principle, carries out trials off William Osborne's yard at Littlehampton. Designated for service at Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight, the vessel has a water balance tank beneath the engines which fills automatically with $3\frac{3}{4}$ tons of water as she enters the water. Should the lifeboat capsize in heavy seas, the water transfers almost immediately into a tank on the port side, and the vessel rights herself in seven seconds. In addition, the vessel, costing £50,000, will be the first to be fitted with radar. Of a special small size, it has been provided as a memorial to the novelist Joseph Conrad

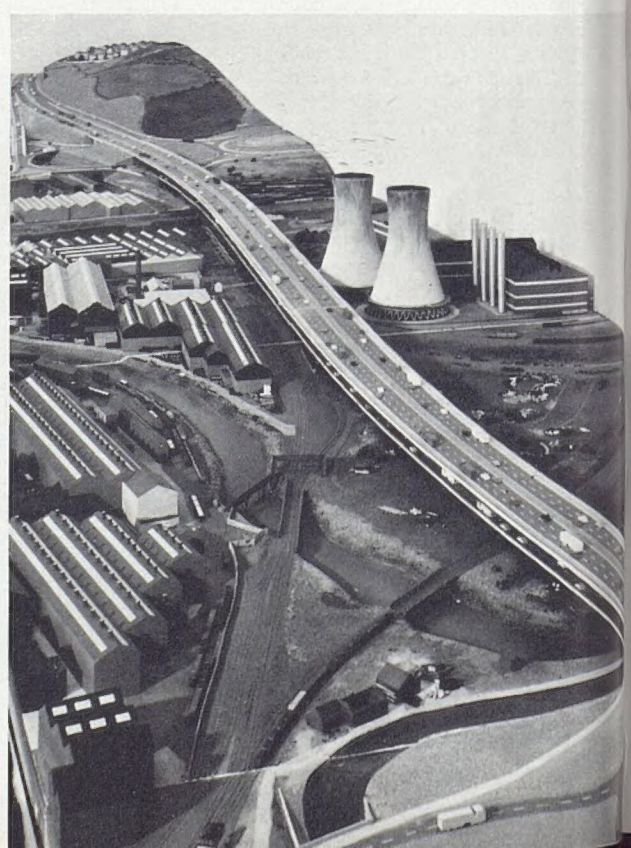
BEST KIND OF LIFEBOAT YET FOR HEAVY SEAS?

ADVANCES ON THE MOTORWAYS

An aerial photograph by Aerofilms of the Slough By-pass, to be opened this week by Mr. Marples, the Minister of Transport. The $5\frac{1}{4}$-mile stretch of motorway runs from a point on the Maidenhead By-pass to a junction with the A.4 at Langley. It forms a part of the M.4, the London to South Wales motorway, much of the route of which has not yet been settled. The By-pass was built by Higgs and Hill Ltd. and Richard Costain Ltd. as a joint venture



Far right: The model shows the proposed new double decker viaduct over the Don valley designed to carry the extended M.1 on the upper deck and a general purpose road below. On the outskirts of Sheffield and Rotherham, the viaduct would be about $\frac{3}{4}$-mile long



THE NEWS IN PICTURES

LADY CHURCHILL CELEBRATES HER 78TH BIRTHDAY

Lady Churchill drives with Sir Winston to a small family luncheon party given at the home of their daughter Mary, wife of Mr. Christopher Soames, Minister of Agriculture. The occasion was Lady Churchill's 78th birthday. In the evening she went to Croydon to the Ashcroft Theatre for the first night of the play *From This Hill*, written by her son-in-law Lord Audley, and in which her actress daughter Sarah, who is married to Lord Audley, has a part. Sir Winston and Miss Clementine Hozier, as she then was, first met in 1908 and were married the same year. He was then 33 and had just attained Cabinet rank. She was ten years younger. Sir Winston's best-known tribute to his wife is contained in the final words of his *My Early Life*: "... until September 1908 when I married and lived happily ever afterwards"

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA AT THE THEATRE

Below right: Princess Alexandra arrives with her fiancé, Mr. Angus Ogilvy, at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, to attend a performance of the new musical *How to Succeed in Business without Really Trying*. The gala was held last week by the British Rheumatism and Arthritis Association to celebrate its 15th anniversary. Princess Alexandra's marriage takes place at Westminster Abbey on April 24

AMERICAN MILITARY VISITORS IN RHODESIA

Far right: Brigadier J. Anderson (right), the Chief of Staff of the army of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, meets Major General Francis Pachier, Director of the American War College in Washington, at the airport in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. General Pachier was one of 30 members of the College arriving on a visit to the Federation

AN AWARD FOR BRAVERY FOR AN AFRICAN AIRMAN

The Governor-General of Rhodesia, Lord Dalhousie, stands with Aircraftman Kawilila and his wife on the lawns of Government House in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. On the left is the Chief of Air Staff, Royal Rhodesian Air Force, Air Vice-Marshall A. M. Bently. Lord Dalhousie had just invested A.C. Kawilila with the British Empire Medal in recognition of his bravery in November 1961, when a civil Dakota aircraft crashed at the Royal Rhodesian Air Force Station, New Sarum, near Salisbury. The two pilots were killed, and their sole companion Air hostess Miss Lena Crosby lay unconscious, pinned to the floor beneath a seat in the broken-off section of the fuselage. A.C. Kawilila, off duty and at work in a nearby garden, scaled a high boundary wall. In spite of the risk of explosion, he entered the aircraft and carried the hostess to safety

BUDGET WEEK

Mr. Reginald Maudling leaves Admiralty House on the morning of Budget day after giving the Cabinet details of his plans

Last week was a busy time for British politicians. Overshadowing everything was the Budget. Immediate reaction to the Chancellor's proposals aiming at "expansion without inflation" was lukewarm in the City of London, largely because the expected relief in the fuel-oil tax had not been given. In the Budget debate in the Commons Mr. Maudling was followed by Mr. Harold Wilson. The Leader of the Opposition had arrived back from America earlier in the day. In Washington he had seen a number of political leaders, and he had spent an hour with President Kennedy.

Two days before the Budget Mr. Crossman launched Labour's latest document on policy, *New Frontiers for Social Security*, at a London Press conference. Mr. Greene of the N.U.R., and other rail trade union leaders, failed to obtain satisfaction from Dr. Beeching regarding the implementation of his report and there was talk of a rail strike. Sir Edward Boyle, Minister of Education, was still involved in controversy with the teachers over his pay plans. But the dispute was forgotten when he opened the Tollington Park secondary school in Islington and was presented with a table made by two pupils. Another busy Minister was Mr. Richard Wood, Minister for Power, who had discussions in London with Herr Hans Lens, the Minister for Scientific Research in West Germany.

Mr. Crossman outlines Labour's social security schemes. Sitting beside him is Mr. George Brown

Mr. Richard Wood (left) and Herr Hans Lens

President Kennedy and Mr. Harold Wilson outside the White House in Washington. Mr. Wilson's talk with the President was the climax of his visit to the U.S.

Mr. Greene after rail talks in London

A presentation in an Islington school to Sir Edward Boyle by P. O'Connor and G. Achiellos

JOHN CONNELL

ROUGH WEATHER OVER AFRICA

It must be some 11 or 12 years since, at the old, unrenovated Café Royal, in the company of Lord Milverton, I first met Sir Roy Welensky. Over the years a political acquaintanceship deepened into a strong personal friendship. I liked the man and I greatly admired the work he did. From the outset, therefore, I was a supporter of the Central African Federation and a believer in the ideal of racial partnership on which it was founded. The ideal is now out of fashion; and a fortnight ago, with the First Secretary of State's decision to permit Northern Rhodesia, following Nyasaland's example, to secede forthwith from the Federation, that massive and on the whole efficient structure went into dissolution.

To me this is a sombre story, whose end is not yet told. Can any opponent of the Federation, however hostile, feel comfortable about the manner in which it has been killed? There has been an astonishing absence both of candour and of courtesy. Decisions of vital importance were communicated to Sir Roy brusquely and off-handedly. He and a big delegation of Federal Ministers and civil servants came to London, invited to a conference and prepared to negotiate.

They were kept waiting while others were given the full red-carpet welcome. When belatedly they were summoned to the First Secretary of State's office, he read them a prepared statement, about which there could be no discussion. It was said later that Sir Roy "snubbed" Mr. Macmillan. This is neither true nor fair. When at a single stroke you have seen the work of years destroyed, it is asking too much that you should immediately go off and have a jolly, chatty luncheon in the company of the man responsible. Mr. Butler told one reporter that his interview with Sir Roy was a most painful experience. Is it unkind to remark that this savours strongly of the "this hurts me more than it hurts you" of the Victorian schoolmaster?

Sir Roy Welensky

There is little use brooding over the past. What happens as and when the Federation is dissolved? The inevitable consequence of the British Government's capitulation to the ultimatum presented by Mr. Kaunda and Mr. Nkumbula was that Mr. Winston Field, the Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, instantly demanded independence for his country. The British Government was thereby transferred, as *The Times* observed with unusual trenchancy, "from the frying pan to the griddle." For that which it is obviously expedient to grant to a black majority is highly awkward when sought by a white minority. There in a sentence is the whole tragedy of white settlement in Africa. The one way out of the settlers' dilemma was partnership; and this needed time; and time was what, in Rhodesia as in Kenya, their opponents would not concede them.

Great pressure is now being exerted to prevent the British Government from acceding to Mr. Field's request; and Mr. Butler's own immediate reaction, ironically enough, has been to try to play for time. Stalling, in my view, will prove to be as futile as unfair. For the British Government is in for some extremely rough weather over Africa. By the time this article is in print Sir Roy will have met the Federal Parliament and given his account of the events leading up to the dissolution of the Federation. I suspect that he will not mince his words. Decolonisation is a painful process. Hitherto all the pain has been suffered by the white minorities who have settled in Africa, and further disagreeable and dangerous ordeals undoubtedly await them.

But it is unlikely that the Rhodesians are going to let the British Government off scot free; they are not going to be—if they can possibly help it—accomplices in the destruction of their own society and way of life. From their point of view the example of Kenya is a clear enough warning and they have certain sanctions under their own control which the British farmers in Kenya did not possess. They have explicitly abjured the use of force to attain their independence; but if an attempt is made, by force, to prevent their getting it, they will counter that attempt with force.

There are some bellicose persons, with little or no experience of combat of any kind, who urge that British troops should be sent to Southern Rhodesia. It is only charitable to suppose that they have no comprehension of what the consequences would be. It is most unlikely any British Government, Conservative or Labour, would accede to so foolish and so cruel a request. What is far more probable is that Pafmecsa—the Pan-African Movement for Freedom in East, Central and Southern Africa—will try to insist on United Nations intervention.

Such a course, I believe, would be lamentable. It is indeed, in my opinion, weak of the British Government to invite a U.N. mission to London to discuss Southern Rhodesia. Any attempt at U.N. intervention in Southern Rhodesia's internal affairs will without doubt be resisted by the Southern Rhodesians, who are in no mood to let their country be turned into another Katanga, and have said so—through responsible Ministers—in the most unequivocal fashion. Inevitably, in view of the way in which the United Kingdom Government has treated them, they are turning for friendship and support towards the Republic of South Africa; but any idea that Southern Rhodesia will be incorporated in the Republic should be dismissed. Neither in Salisbury nor in Pretoria is such a contingency regarded with any favour.

So far as the Rhodesians themselves are concerned, both Sir Roy Welensky and Mr. Field made their views quite clear before they left London. Sir Roy said he will not co-operate in the dissolution of the Federation, unless Southern Rhodesia is granted its independence, and unless the new constitution of Northern Rhodesia protects the interests of the European community, the various regional interests of African communities and, in particular, the special status of Barotseland. Mr. Field said that the dissolution of the Federation meant that Southern Rhodesia was entitled to the independence it would have had by 1955 had there been no Federation. These firm statements cannot be disregarded; they are not mild aspirations, for there exists the physical force to sustain them. Still at the disposal of the Federal Government, so long as it exists, are a very efficient army, air force and police force. I have seen these described as "the most effective military establishment in Africa outside the South African Republic and Egypt." Anyone who soldiered in company with Rhodesians in World War II is well aware of their very high fighting quality.

At present the regular army consists of four infantry battalions (which saw active service in the Malayan emergency), of an artillery formation, paratroops and an armoured car regiment. The Royal Rhodesian Regiment is a territorial reserve, composed of seven battalions, to which every young European male must belong. The Royal Rhodesian Air Force, numbering some 900 officers, NCOs and men, all European, has two squadrons of Hunter jet-fighters and two squadrons of Canberras. And finally there is the British South African Police, founded by Cecil Rhodes himself, and consisting now of 5,000 regulars and 12,000 reservists, equipped with armoured vehicles and light infantry weapons. Theoretically all these forces, except the last (which is directly controlled by the Southern Rhodesian Government), ought, as the Federation ends, to be split amongst the three territories; and suggestions to this end have already been made in London. It is idle to suppose that any attention will be paid to them in Salisbury. They are the one effective insurance against attack from outside and any attempt to create chaos internally.

Some thousands of miles northwards, chaos is rapidly enveloping Kenya. The chairmen of at least two of the various commissions which the Colonial Office despatched to Kenya last year gave explicit warnings that if the Northern Frontier District were not allowed to secede to neighbouring Somalia there would be violence there. As soon as Mr. Sandys's "plan" for Kenya's passage to independence was announced, providing for the retention under an African Government of control over the NFD, and as soon as Mr. Kenyatta began to utter chauvinist remarks in support of Mr. Sandys's proposals, there was an instant outbreak of violence, and Somalia (with a little backstairs guidance in protocol by the amiable officials of the British Embassy in Mogadishu) broke off diplomatic relations with Britain.

It seems to me, as it does to anyone with any knowledge and experience of Africa, that there is an unanswerable case for the incorporation of the Northern Frontier District into Somalia. The Somali Government holds that the district has always been administered in such a way as to lay stress on the differences in the way of life of its people, their religion and their national—not tribal—sentiment, from those of the rest of the African population of Kenya. Mr. Sandys's recent decision seems to the Somalis (according to Dr. I. M. Lewis, a Glasgow University don, who knows them well) "a further injury in the long train of British betrayals of Somali interests which began with the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of 1897."

Dr. Lewis, writing in the Chatham House publication *The West Today*, concludes that Mr. Sandys's policy is likely to lose Britain the goodwill of "one of the most democratic States in Africa, whose Government has hitherto pursued a moderate policy of neutrality and non-alignment. . . . In view of the considerable Chinese Communist interest in the Horn of Africa, the long-term effects of forcing some 200,000 Somali tribesmen to remain in Kenya may be far-reaching and ultimately damaging to Western strategy in Africa."

This is a plain warning which Her Majesty's Government would be unwise to disregard.

During his visit to Japan, Britain's Foreign Secretary, Lord Home, appears in two unusual roles. At Byodin temple outside Kyoto he strikes a bell and in Tobinho deer park he feeds one of the inmates. In the early part of his seven-day stay in Japan as the guest of the Government, Lord Home was confined for a time to his room with a temperature and had to cancel some engagements. However, by the middle of last week he had recovered and had an audience of the Emperor Hirohito and luncheon and talks with Mr. Ikeda, the Prime Minister. Lord Home was understood to have given the Prime Minister details of the preparations being made for the creation of the new Federation of Malaysia and to have spoken about problems arising from the hostile attitude of Indonesia towards it. Anglo-Japanese relations and trade with Communist countries were among other questions discussed. On the next day the British Foreign Secretary was to have discussions with Mr. Ohira, the Japanese Foreign Minister, with special reference to Britain's economic position in Western Europe

BELL-RINGER AND HERDSMAN

A London Newsletter

13-15, John Adam Street, W.C.2.

EASTER. Easter is one of the season's débutantes I am most inclined to welcome. As a child, no doubt, one gave the preference to Christmas, which has more to offer, in one sense at least. But Easter is a chancy débutante and as often as not disappoints our hopes. She can be a wood nymph or an ice-maiden, as lovely as Shakespeare painted her or as ugly as sin. She can dance among the daffodils and shimmy in the warm sunshine or mope and shiver beside the hearth's cold ashes. But at any rate she's never an ugly sister who affects to be young. She is genuinely a débutante and has a future. Her birth certificate tells no lies. Some day or other, short or long, there's a good time coming when the wind will veer from north-east, the sun will be warm on the back and in our gardens the survivors of that ghastly winter will " creep out again to feel the sun," as did the Sovereigns of Europe after Waterloo had put paid to Boney. But whether in 1963 Easter will come in the role of wood nymph or ice-maiden, I don't dare to prophesy. I can only hope my readers will make the most of her, with least injury to their neighbours, on the roads and in the countryside. Beautiful or ugly, this débutante is assured of all too many suitors. See them on the roads in the West Country on Bank Holiday and you will be able to form an opinion of Mr. Marples' chances of substituting road facilities to accommodate Dr. Beeching's rail victims.

Hans Feibusch works on his large mural in St. Mark's Church, Coventry. The figures are nearly twice life-size and can be seen from all parts of the church. St. Mark's was severely damaged by enemy bombing during the war

Lady Janet Beamish, who is the wife of Colonel Sir Tufton Beamish, M.P. for Lewes, named a locomotive for the Bluebell Line at its reopening at Sheffield Park, Sussex. **Below:** Coaches are cleaned in preparation for the season on the smallest railway in the world, which opened again on April 7. It runs from Romney to Hythe in Kent

BEECHING. The Beeching Report certainly needs the most exhaustive examination before it is condemned or approved as a whole. In part, of course, it must be approved out of hand, if it be accepted that it can no longer pretend to be a universal (" Parliamentary train ") provider for the travelling public (which it ceased to be by 1910), that it ought to pay its way, and that it cannot attempt a more worthy aim than to free the roads of Britain from heavy lorry-borne freight. For my own, selfish part, having managed comfortably without recourse to B.R. for the past decade and being confident that by 1970 not 60 per cent. of its proposals will be implemented, I shall not get hotted up about the report and shall derive my knowledge of its vital contents from Parliament and expert pundits. The truth is that Mr. Marples (or the man who may fill his post) has before him an embarrassment as great as Gilbert's *Pooh Bah*. He is Lord High Chancellor of the roads as well as First Lord of the Railway Treasury and the two posts are incompatible. To strip half this small island of the means to travel by rail, he must provide facilities to travel by road, and this island is too small for that. Hitherto his strenuous efforts at road building have only increased congestion and the number of road users, and when it comes to driving the necessary trunk roads through rural areas to take the overspill of tourists, passengers and local beet and other farm produce . . . well, you can imagine how far he will have got by 1970 and how chaotic the state of things will be. The island is too small, its population twice too large and its citizens far from inhibited from sticking their toes in. You will have observed that mass protests, even local ones, nowadays have a remarkable power of causing governments second thoughts, and the objections certain to come from Scotland and Wales, from redundant railwaymen, disenfranchised seaside resorts, commuters threatened with higher fares, from farmers filched of their acres, from motoring organisations, from death-on-the-roads statistics, all these are bound to induce second thoughts and large-scale subtractions from the proposals of the blueprint. The Report is magnificent but it is not practical politics in my day or yours. Be sure that, between all the objections of varied interests, the great design to make a new model rail-system pay by 1970 will be a mutilated statue, bereft of arms, fingers, toes and ears; and the taxpayer will have to find still the means to support a system from which he benefits less and less. If only 20 per cent. is skimmed off the Beeching proposals, the residuum becomes a half-hearted compromise.

BELOW THE BELT. When a party is down, humanity has an ugly habit of kicking him (or it) on the ground, and fate or chance is apt to join in and offer suggestions as to where the boots should be applied. The Tory Party just now is taking a count, and chance has supplied a number of opportunities for cruel kicks and punches, and many of them well below the belt. For these (and other) reasons, I am as disinclined, as I have always been, to cast my vote for Labour and Mr. Wilson's grand design, and less inclined than of late to flirt with Liberalism, as an old Liberal might a year ago have been tempted to do. For clearly the coming electoral battle for power will be fought out by the two main parties and I see nothing realistic or desirable in making the Liberals a political spielman in the next Parliament or helping them to wreck the

A view from the top of New Zealand House which is formally to be opened by the Queen on May 9, looking towards the Houses of Parliament and Big Ben. The open space in the centre is Horse Guards Parade, with Downing Street and the Foreign Office behind it. **Below right:** New Zealand House seen from Trafalgar Square. On the right is Canada House

chances of the party least objectionable to me. Indeed, there is only one (and a comparatively trivial) item in the Socialist grand design which attracts me, and that item was tabled first time " off the cuff " though soon after " written in " in the debate on Lords reform. Mr. Wilson declared that if returned to power his Government would be prepared to carry through a far more drastic reform of the Upper House and would totally abolish the hereditary system. But his promise was more a threat to induce the Government to implement swiftly the Select Committee's report and the debate suggested that the threat was successful, and that the drastic reform would be shelved again.

" THE OLD, OLD STORY." Getting on for a century ago a Tory Premier and Noble Lord argued that the time had come to restrict the hereditary system; but never since has any Tory Government taken any serious step towards it though Rosebery and Newton went on with efforts at reform. On the contrary, and especially during the last decade, they have most strenuously encouraged it, despite the opportunities afforded by life-peerages. When there are so many reforms crying out to be done, it may seem rather absurd to allow one's hackles to rise over the hereditary principle in a chamber shorn of so much of its former powers, which carries out such functions as it still possesses very well, with the services of one-ninth of its potential strength. But, assuming democracy and equality mean today even what Tory Ministers give lip service to, it is intolerable to me that " any ass " who has inherited a U.K. peerage, can, if he wishes, spout in that chamber, and that 700 or more in reserve could, in a foreseen emergency ahead, arrange to swamp the chamber with an overwhelming vote of a single party. Whether the Tories cherish the hereditary system in deference to the Monarchy or because they set an inflated value on the fitness of heirs of famous political families (valid in a few cases), or because they feel that Conservatism should at all costs conserve, I do not know. I do know that I should be sorely tempted to cast a vote for the party which could convince me that, if returned to power, it would in its first year remove that bauble and illogical survival and replace it with a modern instrument. I am as convinced as ever that our Parliamentary system requires a Second Chamber, however limited its powers, a chamber capable of giving pause for reflection and rethinking of any contemplated measure which it considers dangerous to the welfare of the State; and I want that chamber to be as streamlined, as efficient, as truly democratic, balanced and logical, as it can be shaped for that important function. But I shall never see that instrument forged and in operation, whatever Government comes to power.

VIOLENCE. Another death in the prize ring (Davey Moore's) has re-agitated a demand for a boxing ban in the States. In Britain a prominent lady in public life is always campaigning against it. There is much that is deplorable about professional boxing, especially in the States, and most of what is deplorable derives more from outside than inside the ring. Davey Moore, I believe, was a clean and decent fighter, not even given to pre-contest boasting designed to frighten his opponent. But certainly amateur boxing in Britain remains a clean and healthy sport which I enjoy watching. Statistically, even the most advertised professional boxing is a " safe " sport, if you can call

it a sport and not a smart business, and as a spectacle is not much more unedifying than many a scene during international and cup-tie soccer matches. In the matter of violence, humanity today strains at a gnat and swallows a camel. There may be two or three deaths a year in boxing matches, due very often to chance and not to a punch; but how many deaths of innocent people result from brutal violence practised in other fields? Violence today is the first resort of thugs, thieves and fanatics; it is a political weapon not reserved for the last ditch; and human life is held very cheap on the roads, on the racing tracks and in sport and recreation. Come to that, civilised governments spend annually uncountable millions to perfect weapons capable of bringing violent death to millions of human beings. In these circumstances, a boxing ban is straining at a gnat. The camels we swallow are bigger game and quite often less deserving of our toleration.

THE OLD STAGER

Two photographs of Ministers, members of the National Assembly and officials participating in communal development projects in Tanganyika

The Voice of the Commonwealth

TANGANYIKA

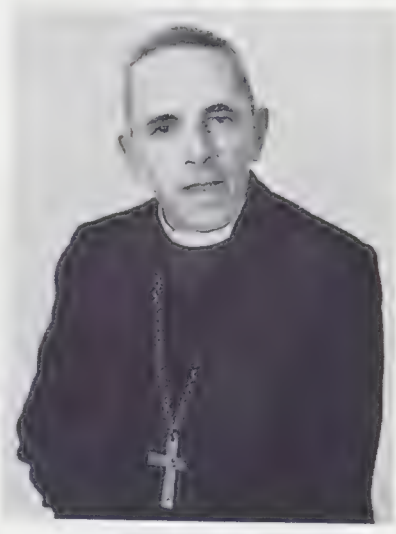
An outstanding leader of Christian thought in Africa surveys part of "the greatest continent on earth"

"I have been in Tanganyika during the most exciting and significant and exhilarating period of its history, because nobody could be in a country which in the course of two years has achieved its independence and its sovereignty without realising that he has been there at the crucial moment in history for that country." These were words used by Dr. Trevor Huddleston, Bishop of Masasi, in the course of a lecture to the Royal Commonwealth Society in London on March 28, on the subject of "Developments in Tanganyika."

At the outset the Bishop disclaimed any intention of setting out to interpret the situation in East Africa to his audience. Indeed he was deeply concerned by the way in which Africa suffered from interpretation and he believed that the image of Africa in Britain was a false one. All he could hope to do was to give a rather more clear picture of "just one fragmentary part of the greatest continent on earth." He felt he had three qualifications for doing this.

The first was that he had spent 20 years in Africa and had come to Tanganyika from another part of Africa which "is in every respect the direct opposite of Tanganyika." Thus he was able to see things more sharply than those who had spent their lives only in East Africa. Secondly, now is "the moment of the most significant change and Tanganyika today is a new country, totally, absolutely, completely new. . . ."

"Thirdly, and I hope this is true, just because I am in one of the least developed areas of Tanganyika, I think I am conscious of the problems and opportunities at a realistic level. There is nothing academic about poverty or about hunger when you live with them as your constant companions; when you are having to challenge all the time, if you are going to do constructive work, the premises on which hunger and poverty are based. There is nothing academic either, about the subject of development when you are concerned with it every day in some form or other, not as a subject to be studied, but as something which affects absolutely and vitally, the lives of human beings. As something which is going to change for good or ill, the whole pattern of human behaviour and this is quite literally the moment in Tanganyika when this thing is upon us."



Bishop Trevor Huddleston

The Bishop went on to declare that "poverty, ignorance and disease are a common enemy" in Tanganyika. It was recognised they could be defeated only by a common national effort. There was no room for racial or ideological division. They knew they were an under-developed country in the technical sense of the word. Agriculture had to be the basis of all their progress. This confronted them "not with a crisis but with a challenge. Not with despondency but with hope. Not with the seemingly insoluble problem of human adjustment in race relations but with a problem which can and will yield to a determined national effort."

For agricultural development, roads and communications and water conservation were absolutely fundamental, but they did not automatically appeal to the imagination of the investor. Therefore, said the Bishop, self-help was another fundamental without which there could be no progress at all.

"But then, because we are an agricultural country, and because peasant farmers are as conservative in Tanganyika as they are anywhere else, this is a slow process. You cannot suddenly change the attitude of a man who is thinking in terms of subsistence farming and make him aware of the possibilities of cash crops. And moreover, you have got to be very careful how you do this thing, because you can so easily upset the delicate balance of social relationships upon which the whole structure of society in a peasant farming community is based."

Nevertheless, the Bishop continued, it was remarkable to hear of the various projects which were being put forward by remote villages for schemes such as road building and additions to schools, to be built from their own free labour. He believed it was an initiative which would have been impossible under the Colonial régime. But help was needed to turn it into the concrete reality it was becoming. "Tanganyika, like every new country of Africa, has to find administrators, has to find technicians, has to find those who are capable of taking over the most complicated machinery of a state, independent in this hard and divided world."

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

Sorting sisal, one of the main crops in Tanganyika

pes being laid to take water from the Ruvu river to Dar-es-Salaam

Tutor with dummy patient for a nursing class in Dar-es-Salaam

Another study in concentration—a dental class in progress

The extraction building and elevator for the ground flowers at the pyrethrum factory at Arusha

An African doctor, assisted by an African nurse, examines school children in a routine inspection in Tanga

(*Further Commonwealth pictures overleaf*)

Above left: In Kuala Lumpur, His Majesty the Yang di-Pertuan Agong, the ruler of the Federation of Malaya, presents Colours to two Federation Army units; the Royal Malay Regiment and the Federation Reconnaissance Corps. In the foreground is Captain Hussein receiving the Colour for the R.M.R. Left is Captain V. T. Lee of the Reconnaissance Corps. The ceremony took place in the capital's Merdeka stadium

Above right: The Yang di-Pertuan Agong receives the Honorary Degree of a Doctor of Letters from the Federal Prime Minister, Tunku Abdul Rahman, at a convocation of the University of Malaya, in Kuala Lumpur

Mr. Sam Ntiro, aged 39, is Tanganyika's new High Commissioner in London. He has twice served as acting High Commissioner. The new High Commissioner has been a member of the Tanganyika Foreign Service for nearly two years. Previously, he had been a lecturer in Fine Art at Makerere College

Right: African soldiers sound the last post at a ceremony on the anniversary of Rhodes' death. They stand at the base of his statue in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. Cecil Rhodes died in South Africa on March 26, 61 years ago and was buried in the Matoppo Hills

THE VOICE OF THE COMMONWEALTH

(*Continued from page 51*)

Archbishop Makarios, President of the Cyprus Republic, stands on the steps of the Presidential palace in Nicosia with the five members of a British Parliamentary delegation. On his left is the M.P.'s leader, Dame Edith Pitt, who is Conservative M.P. for Edgbaston, Birmingham

In Delhi, the ashes of Dr. Rajendra Prasad, the former President of India, who died at the end of last February, are immersed in the River Jumna. Holding the urn is Dr. Prasad's son. Also present were the Indian President, Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, who succeeded Dr. Prasad, and Mr. Nehru, the Prime Minister. Crowds of mourners lined the banks

Firefly championship week at Torquay. Dinghies wait in the dinghy park before going afloat

A YACHTING CENTENARY

By **GABOR DENES**

The waters of Torbay are ideal for sailing. They are deep and open with plenty of shelter, and the tides and winds are straightforward, with few hidden tricks or vices. All this makes for sailing under favourable conditions and racing with a fair chance for the best boat and crew to win. It is not surprising that this beautiful bay has played an important part in the history of British yachting. It was a great centre in the days of the big yachts of many hundreds of tons, and it is one of the most popular venues for dinghy championship meetings today. The history of yachting in Torbay which covers this cavalcade of progress from the large yachts sailed by a few people to the very small ones enjoyed by very many, is centred around a few clubs, the most prominent of which, the Royal Torbay Yacht Club, celebrates its centenary this year.

As in many other important yachting centres, yachting came first and clubs later. The first race of which there is a record was sailed in September 1811. It was advertised in the *Exeter Flying Post:* "boats of not more than 25 ft. in the keel and to carry not more than 60 yards of canvas" were invited to enter. Annual regattas were started two years later at Torquay; they were organised by the Torbay Royal Regatta Committee, which is now 150 years old.

Officers of the Royal Torbay Yacht Club today and **right:** a group of members in a photograph taken in the early 1920's. The club marks its centenary this year. But regattas were started off Torquay 150 years ago

Originally, the Royal Torbay Yacht Club was a purely social club. On August 19, 1863 a meeting of 23 gentlemen resolved to find premises and form a club. The entrance fee for members was two guineas and the annual subscription three guineas. The early records show that the steward's wages were 15s. a week plus 10s. for board, and painting the outside of the clubhouse cost £9 14s.

The yachting interests only gradually crept into the life of this club. First, the hospitality of the club was extended to visiting yachtsmen during Regatta Week who were members of Royal Yacht Clubs as a friendly gesture. After a year or two such yachtsmen were made honorary members. In 1875 the Torquay Yacht Club was formed in one of the local hotels and was granted the Admiralty Warrant permitting members to wear a defaced blue ensign. A little later Queen Victoria gave it the style of the Royal Torquay Yacht Club.

In its first year the new club gave a cup for the regatta, to which a prize of £60 was added. Seventy-six yachts of various sizes were in the harbour for that regatta. While the yacht club prospered, although it had no premises of its own, the original Torbay and South Devon Club found existence more and more difficult. Faced with financial and taxation problems, amalgamation with the flourishing yacht club

Velsheda leading *Shamrock* in Torbay in 1934

The start of the Tall Ships' race in 1956

The exterior of the Royal Torbay Yacht Club in Torquay

The bar in the club

The Smoke Room looks out over the sea

A YACHTING CENTENARY

(*Continued from previous page*)

was considered for the first time in 1880. However, things moved very slowly, and the amalgamation was finally put into effect at the beginning of 1885 and the name of the club was changed to the Royal Torbay Yacht Club. A Sailing Committee of six was elected, taking responsibility for all yachting matters, these being apart from the General Committee. This system was retained until 1961, when another important amalgamation was to take place.

The golden years round the turn of the century were uneventful except for recurring financial worries in the club. The housemaid's annual wage was increased from £14 to £18, on the understanding that she took on the duties of the charwoman as well. A summons was taken out against the Corporation, when complaints were caused by the smoke emanating from the Bath Saloons. This nuisance troubled the peaceful life of the club for about 20 years. In 1902 the Vice-Commodore, J. Lancaster Shaw, presented a Coronation Cup, worth 100 guineas, for the regatta, which was won by P. Donaldson's *Bona* (125 tons). This delightful era came to an end with the war in 1914 and the regatta had to be abandoned.

After the First World War, the club took a few years to get back into its stride. In the '20's and '30's the magnificent "J" class yachts raced in Torbay every year. In 1925 there were five of them among the 48 starters in the regatta. In 1930 a protest involving *Candida*, *White Heather* and *Shamrock* was submitted to the Yacht Racing Association but no decision was possible for lack of evidence.

A foretaste of things to come, the races for the Prince of Wales Cup for international 14-ft. dinghies were held under the burgee of the club in 1932. Stewart Morris won this trophy for the first time, beginning a unique series of successes. In 1933 *Shamrock* was dismasted during the regatta; in 1935 *Endeavour*, *Velsheda*, *Shamrock*, *Astra*, *Candida* and *Yankee* were racing in the Bay, when the last-named was dismasted. Over 290 yachts took part in the Coronation Regatta in 1937. Another successful era closed in 1939 with the 12-ft. national dinghy championship and a regatta with 16 races.

War again brought difficulties to the Royal Torbay, this time aggravated by damage from a sneak-raider's bomb. In 1944 urgent repairs were needed and the club had its quarters at the Imperial Hotel for several months. Starting in 1946 the Torbay Royal Regatta Committee, the Royal Torbay Y.C. and the Torquay Corinthian Y.C. produced a combined regatta programme.

Sailing was becoming more and more popular and mid-week races were started for three classes and Open Sea races were sailed on three Sundays. There were 17 classes in the regatta using three separate courses. The superb quality of the sailing waters in Torbay were recognised when the 1948 Olympic Sailing Regatta was held there. A year later the Torbay Yachting Association was formed by the clubs from Teignmouth to Dartmouth to co-ordinate the various regattas, and the Torbay Fortnight came into being. The Royal Torbay Y.C. Commodore, Sir Reginald Leeds, was elected its first president.

Other important events followed. The Festival of Britain Regatta in 1951 was spoiled by the weather. In 1952 the Edinburgh Cup

In Torbay in 1948 the international 6 metres class races in the Olympic Regatta

Astra is between *Cambria* and *Westward*

A group of the Star class in the 1948 Olympics

races for the International Dragon Class were sailed in Torbay, when a local Dragon, *Taiseer*, was the winner. From 1953 onwards racing was controlled by invitation from the platform of the Torquay Corinthian Yacht Club, to the delight of the race officers who had to brave the elements in the open until then. Electrically controlled light and sound signals were tried out instead of flags and guns—chiefly to save ammunition—but this was not a success with competitors and after two seasons was dropped.

In 1961 occurred an event of great importance both to the development of the Royal Torbay Yacht Club and the sport of sailing in Torbay: the amalgamation with the Torquay Corinthian Yacht Club. Until then the two clubs, somewhat different in character and scope, had lived happily side by side, and co-operated in many ways.

The flourishing Torquay Corinthian Y.C. started from small beginnings: " In 1895 W. H. Prideaux, who is now President of the Royal Torbay Yacht Club, Captain Dixon and Bill Giles met over a glass of beer, which cost 1½d. each, in the long bar of Gibbons and agreed to form the Torquay Corinthian Sailing Club. They each subscribed 5s. on the spot, so that the new club should have adequate financial backing." They adopted a 12-ft. gunter-rigged dinghy, which carried a limited amount of ballast screwed into position and sealed with sealing wax. In 1897 a Diamond Jubilee Cup was inaugurated, and 15 dinghies started in the first race.

Another 18-ft. dinghy was introduced in 1902, and before the First World War the club held power boat races, and the number of sailing boat competitors grew rapidly. Although it had no premises of its own the Torquay Corinthian S.C. emerged as the leading and most active sailing club in Torbay. Finally, a clubhouse was built at the entrance to Haldon Pier over the Lifeboatmen's store. The new premises were opened in July 1938 and the name was changed to Torquay Corinthian Yacht Club. This was only the beginning; from the then membership of 85 the club grew after the last war from strength to strength, and before the amalgamation in 1961 had 600 members.

In that year, as a result of many meetings and discussions, both clubs held Special General Meetings, at which amalgamation was approved as being of advantage to the members of both clubs and making possible a yacht club for Torquay of an outstanding character. The Royal Torbay Yacht Club was chosen as the name for the new amalgamation to retain the royal warrant.

The hopes of those who have worked on this development have been fully realised. The membership is now well above 1,000 and any visitor to the club can see that the 100-year-old infant is full of life and vigour.

The International Regatta to celebrate the centenary, which starts on June 30, is sponsored by the Torbay Yachting Association, and officially recognised by the R.Y.A. which has designated the appropriate races to be indicator trials for some of the Olympic classes. The first week will include the Edinburgh Cup races for the International Dragon Class, the Prince of Wales Cup races for the 14-ft. International dinghies and an International Finn Week. The second week will be a regatta for many of the principal international and national classes, including some championship events.

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE TORBAY TWINS

Torquay and Paignton. The two are always linked, not only in the minds of holidaymakers generally, but also in the minds of Devonians: and never as rivals, but as partners. This has always surprised me: for it would be difficult (indeed, I think impossible) to find two neighbouring, two adjoining, towns anywhere else in the British Isles so sharply contrasted, so absolutely different, in every way. Paignton is comparatively flat Torquay hilly: Paignton bracing, Torquay relaxing. Baring-Gould, who knew this area intimately, said that " one may be grilled at Torquay the same day that at Paignton one may have one's nose and fingers turned blue." And he said no more than the truth. It is an astonishing contrast to find within a matter of three miles or less.

Paignton is the more ancient place. The name is Saxon—it means Paega's Farm—and the Saxons built a church here and did so on a Bronze Age barrow (the remains of this Saxon church are said to be hidden beneath the floor of the present fine Perpendicular church) and I suppose that it was then a fishing village. At any rate, it was a fishing village until well into the nineteenth century, and there is still something of a village atmosphere about the old town which lies behind the modern one and away from the sea. I suppose Torquay was also once a fishing village—in a sense, perhaps the most ancient fishing community in England, for it has been suggested that the first humans ever to live in England lived here in Kent's Cavern—but there is now no village atmosphere at all. True, Cockington Village lies within the municipal boundary and, with Clovelly, this must be the most photographed place in the West Country. But Cockington, though undeniably beautiful, always strikes me as being a little artificial. There is no genuine village atmosphere: rather it is a museum piece, carefully preserved by one of the most up-to-date of seaside resorts.

It is often said that Napoleon, who was prisoner on *Bellerophon* in Torbay for some weeks in the summer of 1815, made Torquay fashionable. But Napoleon was no more than a brief attraction for trippers. In fact, it was Sir Robert Palk, an ex-Governor of Madras but a man of vision and a land-developer of genius, who laid the foundations of modern Torquay by building a pier and the outer harbour in 1870. Palk was not interested in developing a fishing port. He wanted visitors: and he got them. Consumptives to start with: Torquay started as a " sad little place." The famous Dr. Granville noted that " the sight of a spitting-pot as a regular article of furniture, by the side of those which generally adorn a washing stand, spoke volumes to my imagination. I warrant me that no such sight ever presented itself at any other town in England." And he noted, too, the asses driven, at six o'clock in the morning, from one house to another " for the purpose of administering their healing milk to invalids."

Walcott, writing at about the same time, noted that the most common sound echoing about the beautiful hills and cliffs and beaches of Torquay was the sound of the passing-bell. " Most melancholy it is," he wrote, " in church or street to meet the sight of that terrible decay. The slow wasting, the keen, brilliantly star-like light of the eyes, so earnest and so sad. . . ." And Clarke, again at about the same time, wrote of Torbay as " the most beautiful graveyard in the country."

The pier and seafront at Paignton, famous for its bracing atmosphere

At Torquay, white houses rise in tiers on a green hillside from the seafront

Well, it is no longer a graveyard. But is it beautiful? That may appear a silly question, since Torbay is generally accepted without question as supremely beautiful. But I think it depends entirely from where you view it. Consider the shore road from Paignton to Torquay: hotels and boarding-houses one after another, one small shop after another, garages, cafes, petrol pumps, gasworks, cinemas, all the detritus of a twentieth-century coastline. I truly think that there are few more dreary seaside roads in all Britain than this one, fringing Torbay. And it is the more dreary when one considers what could have been done, when one compares it, for example, with Eastbourne. But from a boat, looking shorewards and at Torquay, the white houses rising tier upon tier amid the rich green of the hillside: that is beautiful indeed.

Torquay itself is clean and pretty, and, with its broad tree-lined avenue as entrance, exceptionally attractively planned (though I am not sure that " plan " is quite the right word to apply to Torquay, for the planners had to fit into the plan dictated by the lie of the hills and the sea rather than make their own: however, they could easily have made a mess of the job, and they did not). Looking down on the little harbour—and the rocks grey when you expect them to be red—and on the deep half-moon of Torbay: yes, that is beautiful. And Torquay

; in addition, all the amenities: a mild and able climate, in which palms and pines urish alike, plenty of sunshine, a Pavilion, Marine Drive. All you can want in a seaside ort is here.

I like Torquay. But not for the usual on. I like Torquay because it is a good ce to get out of. I go to Torquay quite frently and always get out of it as quickly as sible: it is a wonderful centre (if you can anything on the fringe a centre) for exring some wonderful country and a most riguing coastline. You are virtually no re than a few minutes from the wilds of rtmoor and within walking distance, north and south, there are views beyond compare. Babbacombe, Petit Tor Point, and the path along the cliffs to Watcombe, Maidencombe (perhaps the loveliest combe on the whole of the Devon coast), the Valley of Rocks: where else will you find walks like these? And, if you want a really testing walk, testing for both calves and head, let me recommend the Goat's Path down the north side of Watcombe; not a walk for the dizzy. The Goat's Path divides, one fork leading to Watcombe Beach and the other over Watcombe Head to Maidencombe. Follow either, bathe at the end, dry in the sun, and then walk back to your comfortable hotel in Torquay, and you will have an appetite fit for an elephant and a thirst to match. Yes, Torquay is a good place to get out of.

And a happy place to be in. If Walcott were alive today, he would still see in the streets a " brilliantly star-like light of the eyes," but now it would not fill him with melancholy. For the light does not belong to those on the threshold of death, but to those for whom life is just beginning. Torquay is now honeymoon country.

The Bicton Woodland Railway Train chugs between pines at Bicton Gardens, Budleigh Salterton

RESTORED GARDENS AT BICTON ARE OPEN

The Palm House contains 20,000 separate panes of glass. Specimens there are grown without artificial heat. **Below:** The Italian Gardens designed by André le Nôtre from the Temple

Twenty miles up the coast from Torbay, is another famous Devonshire resort, Budleigh Salterton. Visitors there this summer will be able to see the recently restored Bicton Gardens, once a feature of the late Lord Clinton's estate. The gardens were opened to the public on April 6 by their owner, Mr. G. N. M. Fane Trefusis, a great grandson of the twenty-first Baron Clinton. Among the features of the gardens is a new 18-inch-gauge railway. A tank engine bought from the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich takes passengers on a mile-long trip through the grounds, past a lake, past the Classical Temple and through the Pinetum. Here are some of the most splendid conifers in Britain, 21 of them the largest of their kind in the country. The track overlooks the Italian Gardens laid out in 1735 to designs by famous landscape architect André le Nôtre, who also planned the formal gardens at Chantilly and Versailles for Louis XIV.

The Prince of Salina (Burt Lancaster) with his wife, Princess Maria Stella (Rina Morelli), leads his family through the streets of Donnafugata after attending a Te Deum in the church on arriving at his country estates. Behind are his nephew Tancredi (Alain Delon) and his eldest daughter Concetta (Lucilla Morlacchi). **Left:** The Prince and his companion, Don Ciccio Tumeo (Serge Reggiani), out on an early morning hunting expedition in the Sicilian countryside

ENTERTAINMENT

VISCONTI'S THE LEOPARD

Royal Charity première at The Carlton on May 27

Angelica (Claudia Cardinale) at the Palermo ball when she is presented as the future wife of Tancredi. **Right:** The Prince reads the news of Garibaldi's invasion of Sicily to his assembled family—from left, Paolo (Carlo Valenzano); Caterina (Ottavia Piccolo); Francesco (Pierre Clementi); Princess Maria Stella; and Concetta

e key to the purpose of the novel is to that it is concerned with history in the king, society in motion. It is a function h today is sometimes better performed the film. One case where there are high pes that a film will rise to this level is ino Visconti's version of Giuseppe di pedusa's famous novel *The Leopard.* ten by a Sicilian Prince, this is a study time of change in Italy, covering the of Unification from Garibaldi's in- n of Sicily in 1860. The Leopard of itle is the Prince of Salina, a magnificent ber of the Sicilian aristocracy and a of immense if lonely grandeur. He s to terms with both the decline of his and the coming of the new order, g in both faults which will not change. y a stroke of felicity rare in the cinema man who has been able to make ilm version, released by 20th Century- is the ideal choice. Visconti has dy a secure place in the cinema, but nevertheless perhaps better known as pera producer—Covent Garden has evived his famed version of *Don Carlos.* nti's qualities are the total re-creation period by immense care over detail, a b sense of landscape and colour, and an y to extract remarkable performances from his actors. Reports from Rome te that Claudia Cardinale gives the best performance of her career as Angelica. She marries the Prince's favourite but penniless nephew Tancredi who is attracted to her beauty and the money from her *nouveau riche* father. Above all, Visconti has produced a visually superb study of Sicily, of the timelessness of the land and the temporal quality of historical change. J.W.

Below: Exhausted in the battle for Palermo in 1860—two Garibaldini, a General (Giuliano Gemma) and Tancredi (Alain Delon). **Right:** Garibaldi's troops fight through the streets as they take over Palermo from the Bourbons

TRAVEL

BACK TO BRUGES

By "THE SPHERE" TRAVEL CORRESPONDENT

There are some places that exceed one's expectations. Such a place is Bruges. The first time I saw it was on one of those peerless days of wood smoke and autumn sunshine, driving away from the smart brash coast that was resting on its laurels after the summer surge. The approach was perfect. Side-tracking from Knocke through Damme, that gem of an ancient Flanders small town, the road ran straight as a die towards my destination. Trees leaned away from the wind and gazed upon their gracious selves mirrored in the still canal. There was not another car in sight. Even with the slight detour, the distance from Knocke to Bruges is only about a dozen miles. By train from Ostend it takes a mere 14 minutes. But they are miles and minutes which span several centuries and two entirely separate worlds of enjoyment.

Bruges at the end of October was empty of tourists. The leaves against the walls of the Gruuthuse Museum were crimson; there were no queues by the little jetties advertising trips round the canals; a nun crossing the quiet garden of the Béguinage was free from curious eyes. Still, it would be absurd to suggest that Bruges should only be visited out of season. Many of its loveliest features occur with gradually increasing frequency in the months from May to September: the illuminations for one; the boat excursions by day and night on the canals for another. And one of the greatest annual attractions of all takes place in just over three weeks' time.

The Procession of the Holy Blood is timed every year for the first Monday after May 2. It is a grandiloquent occasion in honour of Bruges' most sacred relic, a phial containing blood-stained water said to have been washed from the body of Christ by Joseph of Arimathea. This precious possession came to Bruges in A.D. 1150. Derrick of Alsace, Count of the then ruling house of Flanders whose Crusader Counts also held the throne of Jerusalem, so distinguished himself in the Second Crusade that Badouin III, Patriarch of Jerusalem, awarded him this treasure. One can imagine the excitement with which Bruges greeted the returning hero and his gift, which has been in the city's keeping ever since.

The Procession of the Holy Blood (this year on May 6) consists of 25 groups and tableaux in three parts, taking nearly an hour and a half to pass each point on the route. Yet even more grandiloquent is the Play of the Holy Blood (Sanguis Christi) which every five years re-enacts the story of how the Holy Blood came to Bruges. The magnificent setting is the great square before the Belfry, and it is one of the most moving and spectacular sights on the calendar of Europe's festivals. The next performance will be in 1967.

The Relic itself can be further venerated between certain hours every Friday of the year, or daily in early May in the Chapel of the Holy Blood. This edifice, not far from the Belfry, is worth visiting at any time; two chapels, in fact, are superimposed: one Romanesque dating from just before Derrick's triumphant return to Bruges, the other a Gothic renovation from the fifteenth century. In the fourteenth century Bruges passed into the possession of the House of Burgundy and inherited some of the lavish living of the Burgundian Court. Philip the Good, who was not as good as his name suggests as far as the people of Bruges were concerned, brought his future wife there and wedded her amid ceremonial extravagance compared with which our modern State Occasions appear almost pallid.

It was, however, during the Burgundian epoch that so many of the palaces and guild houses of Bruges came into being. And not only did the guilds enrich the city's architecture but they made of it one of Europe's future shrines of art. An artist in the days of Philip the Good was a craftsman no more, no less than a glazier, saddler or maker of mirrors. They came to Bruges in search of work, and stayed to find inspiration. Among them was Jan Van Eyck of Ghent who spent much of his time in the pay of the city, touching up the stone statues of its public buildings. There was Hans Memlinc, too, whose exquisite miniatures can still be seen in a small museum attached to the Hospital of St. John, his original patrons. And there was Gerard David, a Dutchman, who came to Bruges as a youth and stayed for the rest of his days.

By that time, the first of Maximilian's fortuitous marriages (to gentle Mary of Burgundy) had brought Bruges under the sway of the Hapsburgs. But the days of Bruges' glory were already numbered. The River Zwyn, which had placed it among the mightiest trading meccas of northern Europe, silted up. Nor did Maximilian help matters, for his rule brought unease and suspicion and, finally, many of the burghers removed themselves and their personal fortunes to Antwerp. Mary of Burgundy, Maximilian's queen whom the citizens of Bruges loved to watch skating on the frozen Minnewater (Lake of Love), died in a riding accident at the age of 24. She lies buried in the Church of Our Lady, along with her father Charles the Bold. But the greatest sight of this lofty-towered church is the lovely white marble statue of the Madonna by Michelangelo.

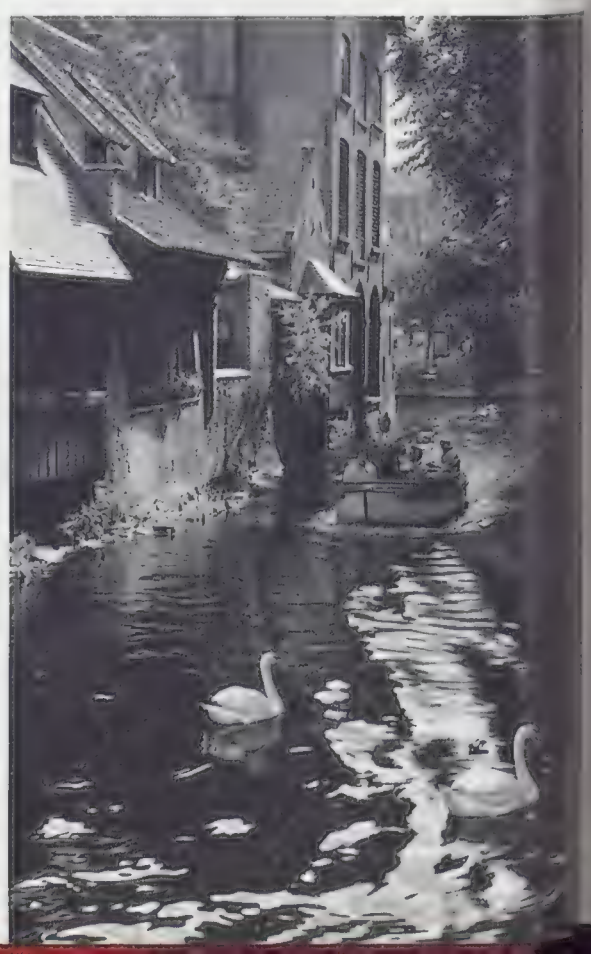
The list of Bruges' other sightseeing pleasures is almost infinite: the famous Belfry and Halles, the Town Hall, the Béguinage, the rich Groeninge Art Museum, the Gruuthuse Museum (former Palace of the Lords of Gruuthuse), palaces and guilds, churches and statues, bridges and parks. One needs a firm resolution to avoid mental indigestion, for so much lies within a small compass. Bruges has often been dubbed the Venice of the North, but geographical comparisons always strike me as ridiculous. Bruges is quite incomparably Bruges, wonderfully placed almost on our own doorstep, and ready to delight us at any time of the year.

For further information: Belgian National Tourist Office, 66, Haymarket, London, S.W.1.

Access: By air, London-Ostend (Sabena), £8 11s.-£12 7s. (tourist class only); Southend-Ostend (British United Air Ferries), £7 5s.-£8 9s. (tourist class only); thence Ostend-Bruges, approx. 7s. 6d. first-class rail return. By rail/sea, London-Bruges via Dover-Ostend, from £6 9s. second-class return to £8 13s. first-class return.

The Procession of the Holy Blood, Bruges' most sacred relic. This year it takes place on May 6

A trip on one of the canals



Bruges is Flemish for 'bridges'. The city is intersected by canals

CUNARD LINE CRUISE PROGRAMME

The Cunard Line has just announced that in co-operation with Cooks, Lunns and Poly it is introducing for the first time a cruise programme for R.M.S. *Queen Mary* and R.M.S. *Mauretania* for the winter of 1963-64. Three cruises have been arranged for the *Queen Mary*, each lasting six days at Christmas, the New Year and Easter, sailing south to the Canaries with an opportunity for shore excursions at Las Palmas. Fares will range upwards from £59. Since only one class will be carried passengers will have the run of the ship, service and entertainment being provided on exactly the same standards as on the North Atlantic service. Although the cruises are short, they will provide an opportunity of sailing on what is still regarded as the most luxurious ship in the world and enjoying top class food and entertainment over a holiday period. They will give passengers a swift trip to the sunshine of the Canaries where the average daily maximum temperature will be over 70 deg. F. even at the end of December.

The *Mauretania* is scheduled to undertake a 36-day cruise to the West Indies on January 14, visiting the Canaries, Trinidad, Mexico, Jamaica, Haiti, the Bahamas, Florida, Panama, Venezuela and the Azores, with fares from £160. This unusually attractive itinerary has been planned so that passengers will spend enough time in port to take advantage of the many shore excursions which have been arranged. Two days after its return to Southampton the same ship will go on a 13-day cruise to the Atlantic Isles, calling at Madeira, Teneriffe, Las Palmas, Casablanca, Tangier and Lisbon. Fares for this 3,526-mile cruise range from £58. A similar cruise has also been arranged to leave Southampton on March 7. Finally, the *Mauretania* will take a 20-day Easter cruise round the Mediterranean, calling in at Tangier, Malta, Alexandria, Athens, Gibraltar and Lisbon, sailing from Southampton on March 24 and returning on April 13, 1964. Fares for this three-week cruise range from £90. The prospect of cruising on one of these magnificent ships has already attracted many hundreds of preliminary registrations since it was first known that Cunard were contemplating a cruise programme. Now that the itineraries and dates have been fixed bookings can be accepted right away by any travel agent or by Cunard direct.

From the beginning of this month, Aer Lingus passengers flying to Ireland or onwards to North America by Irish International Airlines from London will report to Brompton Air Station, 249 Brompton Road, Knightsbridge, S.W.3, instead of to the London Air Terminal in Cromwell Road. Four new coaches will transport passengers to and from London Airport. Brompton Air Station is directly opposite the Oratory and is only five minutes' walk from Knightsbridge Underground station.

A direct rail and coach service between five towns in the Midland area, including Wolverhampton and Birmingham, and London Airport has come into operation. A number of trains from Birmingham, Leamington Spa, Shrewsbury, Wellington and Wolverhampton will stop en route at High Wycombe station, where passengers proceeding to London Airport will be taken on by road in special coaches to Heathrow. This will save crossing London from Paddington to the London Air Terminal. Single fares, first class, will be between 35s. and 60s., second class between 27s. and 44s., with appropriate reductions for children.

The first direct air service has been introduced by BOAC between the United Kingdom and New Zealand. Comets will leave London on Tuesdays and Saturdays, arriving in Auckland one and a half days later. Calls will be made at Rome, Damascus, Bagdad, Karachi, Calcutta, Rangoon and Singapore, Djakarta, Darwin and Sydney on Tuesdays, and at Dusseldorf, Beirut and Teheran on Saturdays. Return services from New Zealand will depart on the same days.

W.D.C.C.

BOOKS

TRIBUTES TO WOMEN

An appreciation of Virginia Woolf; Naomi Jacob on some friends; other non-fiction and this week's novels

Virginia Woolf was one of the writers whose own work and thought greatly influenced succeeding authors in the past 30 years or so and a book of critical appreciation and study of such a subject cannot but be rewarding if it has been composed with as much understanding and as much analytical faculty as Dr. Dorothy Brewster's new volume. VIRGINIA WOOLF (Allen and Unwin. 20s.) is not intended as a full-dress biography, though Dr. Brewster has given the necessary details of her life, her marriage and her upbringing as well, of course, as some notes on her circle of friends which was to be called the Bloomsbury set. Her main interest has been in exploring Virginia Woolf's working methods, the development of her individual style and the way in which she expressed herself through fiction, through literary criticism and through the letters she wrote to her many, and often brilliant, friends.

It would be difficult to find a writer to whom friendships have meant more than to Miss Naomi Jacob, novelist and writer of memoirs; actress, traveller and lover of animals. In her new book, ME AND THE SWANS (William Kimber. 18s.) she has chosen a handful of distinguished women whom she has known well and has devoted a chapter to each of them, refuting the opinion that " all her geese are swans " and demonstrating in turn how each of these personalities has brought something very special to the world, whether it has been the life of the stage, as with Ellaline Terriss, Yvonne Arnaud or " Our Marie " Lloyd; or the life of public service, in which such women as Commandant Mary Allen of the women's police force, or Miss Janet Orchardson, indomitable nurse and matron, have figured with such distinction. This is, in fact, a book of tributes and warm-hearted ones at that. It makes very cheering reading.

Madame Mira Michal knew absolutely nothing about the formal and social side of diplomacy when she became an ambassador's wife in London immediately after the war, and her book NOBODY TOLD ME HOW (Gollancz. 18s.) contains some hilarious and some almost alarmingly informative details of what is expected of a lady in such a position, whether in her own embassy, at a royal palace or even at the races. Madame Michal married Poland's ambassador to England in 1946 and, coming from the United States, was plunged into a bewildering existence of rigid protocol alternating with the most rapid improvisation. She writes amusingly and with good sense withal; shrewdly though affectionately of this country and in the same manner about America where she and her family returned when her husband was appointed to the United Nations.

PLEASED TO BE BACK? Sammy Davis Jnr. jumps in the air outside his London hotel. He arrived in England to play at the London Palladium, opening last week

Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner proposes a toast to Paris in its Belle Epoque, with ELEGANT WITS AND GRAND HORIZONTALS (Michael Joseph. 25s.), which is a light-hearted but nevertheless extremely well-documented history of literary, theatrical, noble and demi-mondaine society in the 1890's. This was a period when Liane de Pougy and La Belle Otero were dazzling their more conventional observers, when Sarah Bernhardt was known as " our Lady of the Theatre," when Dumas *fils* was a formidable literary lion and when " le gratin," or the upper crust, had their doings more sedulously reported by columnists than would be possible even today. Thoroughly entertaining and with some splendid photographs of which my own favourite is one of the poet Mallarmé neatly draped in a check shawl.

AN IRISH CHILDHOOD (Chatto and Windus. 21s.) shifts the scene so radically that it is hard to believe that the earliest years of Miss Elizabeth Hamilton's life were spent not more than 20 years later and only a few hundred miles away. She has written charmingly here about the eighteenth-century house in County Wicklow which formed her image of happiness, about her parents and about her many visits to it throughout the busy years of her life.

Mr. Donald Jack's THREE CHEERS FOR ME (Heinemann. 18s.) purports to be the journals of one Bartholomew Bandy of the Royal Flying Corps during the First World War, and it is the most stimulating as well as the most amusing novel of the week. This Bandy is a genuinely comic creation who could be said (though he would deny it) to have affiliations with Bertie Wooster or with Monsieur Hulot or with Lucky Jim. His own view is more likely to be that he is just a simple

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CLUES TO A LANGUAGE

Etymological research into Etruscan

Etruscan, whether it originated on the mainland of Italy or in Caucasia, has long been one of the great mystery languages of the world. From the days of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who declared that it was like no other language, to modern times, when etymologists have sought for meaning among the contradictions and inconsistencies of Etruscan writing, its elusiveness and woolliness, the hunt has gone on. It appears almost as if, with the sacking by the Romans of Veii, Perugia, Catena, and other cities, Etruscan civilisation, like a wounded animal, crept away into the darkness. But the excavators have brought it to light, and Etruria has spoken to us through her colourful frescoes, vivid drawings and noble drinking bowls. Now from Zacharie Mayani, of Paris University, we find after all that the language mystery may not be insoluble. In THE ETRUSCANS BEGIN TO SPEAK (Souvenir Press. 42s.), the Professor shows how old paths of research have been followed up, prematurely discarded ideas have been tried out anew, and step by step progress has been made with the language of these people who (just emerged from the Bronze Age) spoke in staccato sentences, a language simple and direct, but somehow intensely moving. Some inscriptions newly translated allow us to follow Etruscan feats of war, to understand their griefs as they mourn at the graveside, their enjoyment of the tavern and the pleasures of wine. Much yet remains to be done before the full message across the ages is received and understood; but the silence has been broken, thanks to men like Professor Mayani. What appeared to be dead is gently returning to life. Sounds which we hardly hoped to hear now at times reach us with astonishing clarity and vivid force; at times too they remain muffled and obscure. But here are precious echoes from the life of the past, of a people whom the Romans never quite succeeded in reducing to silence, and who now command our full attention.

The sites of Greek classical antiquity began to attract Western European visitors at the end of the seventeenth century when Jacques Carrey made detailed drawings of the Acropolis and Jacob Spon of France and George Wheeler of Britain toured together in 1675-6, later to publish separate impressions. Since then the pilgrimage has gone steadily on, aided and abetted by the nineteenth-century romantics, like Chateaubriand, Baudelaire, Goethe and Byron, who elegantly recorded their visits to the ruins of the ancient world. Helen Hill Miller, an American writer of charm and erudition, seeks with some success to follow in this grand tradition. Her GREEK HORIZONS (Harrap. 30s.) is essentially a guide to the great sites which every intelligent traveller wishes to see not only in Athens, but in Delos, sacred to Apollo, Delphi, of the oracle, Olympia, of the games, and the palaces of Mycenae and Crete. This author somehow or other conveys the personal thrill of discovering for oneself about a land so rich in art and architecture.

The rain forests of the Amazon are among the few areas in the world that have resisted exploration. Even so amateurs have sometimes penetrated where more experienced folk have not dared to tread; some of them have been missionaries, spurred on by zeal and faith, and some like the Seitzes, young people in search of adventure. In PEOPLE OF THE RAIN FORESTS (Heinemann. 30s.) George Seitz tells of his own and his wife's adventures among the Araraibo and the Xamatari tribes, a people who have never experienced a stone age, who have no clothes, no weapons but lance-like reeds tipped with poison, and no canoes, even in a land where there is no other mode of travel. Some splendid photographs illustrate this book and testify to the success of a fantastically difficult journey along the Brazil-Venezuelan border.

Murray Smith, who spent 40 years in Africa as a white hunter, has some rare tales to tell of his life on safari. THE NATURE OF THE BEAST (Jarrolds. 25s.) is a work of keen observation. We learn about that strange alliance between jackal and lion, the even more curious friendship of the placid hippo and the sinister lethal crocodile. The chapter on the communal life of the elephant is full of knowledge garnered over the years about these still mysterious creatures. The author's deep love of Africa and the creatures of the wild emerges on every page of his absorbing narrative.

Karl Eskelund's travel books are always a pleasure because of this Danish author's delight in travel and getting to know the people. His latest, REVOLT IN THE TROPICS (Alvin Redman. 25s.) covers Castro's Cuba, the American commonwealth of Puerto Rico, and Cheddy Jagan's British Guiana. It is hard to escape the thought that if the United States had lavished as much care on Cuba as they have on Puerto Rico the present discontents in the Caribbean might be of very modest proportions.

Alvin Redman are now producing an admirable series of new guides, with something of the Baedeker touch, but an added informality and readability. YOUR GUIDE TO DENMARK, YOUR GUIDE TO MALTA, and YOUR GUIDE TO THE CANARY ISLANDS, all published at 21s., are the latest three in the series. Good maps and first rate photographs are a feature of these handy little books.

Richard Edmonds

Canadian boy, brought up to believe unquestioningly in the evils of women, whisky and tobacco. It should be remarked, however, that for a young man with a narrowly conventional background of this kind he doesn't do at all badly when he reaches France and discovers the life of the trenches and the life in the air. He takes off, indeed, in more ways than one and, in the process, gives the reader the time of his life.

GARLAND OF VALOUR (Cassell. 18s.) is another aspect of a young man's first war adventures; in this case Mr. Hugh Clevely's tale of a young American who sails for Europe on the *Lusitania* and survives the sinking to fight in trench warfare and later join the RFC too. Courageous in fighting but unhappy in his affairs of the heart, he faces the approaching end of the war and a vital decision about his future with the same gradual growth of self-awareness. Mr. Clevely writes with a sober but attractive commonsense and his passages of direct description and action are finely done.

Miss Monica Dickens's new novel is dedicated " To Bobby " and the jacket sports a very fine photograph of the author with what I suppose is the Bobby in question: a pleasant-looking horse with a mild and weary eye. For Miss Dickens has written, in this agreeable story, which is absolutely bound to be one of her most satisfying best-sellers, about a Midlands rest home for horses and about the inmates who include more than one victim of past ill-treatment as well as an old pit pony, a retired steeple-chaser with inbred views about fences and a Shetland pony who makes his own success on television. COBBLER'S DREAM (Michael Joseph. 18s.) is the name of an erstwhile show jumper, saved from the knacker's yard by a youth who has been a Borstal boy and who brings the horse to the farm where both of them find the means of rehabilitation. Not only because she is a natural writer of very real talent but also because of her obvious knowledge and sympathy with Men's Best Friends, Miss Dickens has here produced one of the most engaging books of her career up to date.

The plays and sonnets of Shakespeare are endless sources from which novelists may cull their titles but I don't remember that anyone before has used the line chosen by Mr. Angus Heriot for his new novel, THE ISLAND IS FULL OF STRANGE NOISES (Cassell. 16s.). This is a half-fantastic, half-adventurous and wholly entertaining exercise in wit and imagination, most of it having the background of an imaginary isle peopled with most diverting eccentrics. Original, clever and as far from the banal as it is possible to be.

Mr. Patrick Raymond is a son of that most distinguished novelist, Mr. Ernest Raymond, and his first novel, A CITY OF SCARLET AND GOLD (Cassell. 16s.), marks a most promising entry into the literary lists. He has chosen Hong Kong and, later, a small Chinese island as the scenes of his story which is concerned with a rich and lonely widow and the lack of purpose which she feels is destroying her life's meaning. A simple, clearly stated style and a sensitiveness of apprehension make this something more than merely agreeable reading.

And finally for a quick list of some commendable suspense stories and thrillers beginning with Mr. Edward Young's THE FIFTH PASSENGER (Cassell. 18s.) which deserves far less summary treatment and is a magnificent adventure story about a submarine in trouble. M. Simenon contributes A NEW LEASE OF LIFE (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.), one of the subtlest of his psychological studies, and MAIGRET'S MEMOIRS (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.) which is, quite simply, a " must " for right-minded admirers of the great detective. BECAUSE OF THE CATS (Gollancz. 15s.), Mr. Nicolas Freeling's second detective story, again set in Amsterdam and its neighbourhood, is pretty well in the Maigret class itself and higher praise than that I cannot give.

Vernon Fane

Albert (Harry H. Corbett) muses on his experiences of the last war as he waits for his friend Larry to pay a long-awaited visit to his New York flat. His wife Helen (Maxine Audley) bitterly carries on with her darning. **Left:** Larry (Donal Donnelly) is provoked into striking the maudlin Albert

WHO'LL SAVE THE PLOWBOY?

at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket

Given an award as the best off-Broadway play of the 1961-2 season, this American drama turns out to be a well-constructed essay in theatrical emotional surprise. It was welcomed last week with plaudits for Harry H. Corbett's fine and compelling performance, full of pathos and insight. He plays Albert, the plowboy of the title, so nicknamed by his fellow-soldiers in the last war. During a raid, his life was saved by his best friend Larry. As the play opens, Albert and his wife are living in a bitter, disastrous marriage, where everything has gone wrong, waiting for Larry to pay his first visit for 15 years. The revelations of what has gone wrong and what the fact that Larry saved Albert's life means to all of them forms the core of the story, which has at times a real emotional power.

NAKED

at the Royal Court Theatre

In a scene from the play by the Italian dramatist Luigi Pirandello are Ersilia Drei (Diane Cilento) and Onoria (Freda Jackson). It opened in a new translation by Diane Cilento for a short season at the Royal Court last week, directed by David William. Others in the cast include Joseph Wiseman and Julian Glover. Not seen before in London, *Naked* is a typical Pirandello exercise in the search for truth underneath pretensions. It is concerned with the story of a destitute young nursemaid and is set in Rome.

LEADERS OF - BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

V. Martin-Jones

As Chairman of Lodge Plugs Ltd., Mr. V. Martin-Jones was chief architect of the discussions with S. Smith & Sons (England) Ltd., which led to his company being absorbed into that group earlier this year. The Spark Plug and Ceramics Division now formed, with administrative headquarters at Rugby, embraces Lodge Plugs Ltd., K.L.G. Sparking Plugs Ltd., and the ceramics units of each. It is under his control as Director and General Manager. Victor Martin-Jones was born in 1909 at Necton in Norfolk, the son of Canon Martin-Jones who was rector of Wymondham. Since Mr. Martin-Jones left Wellingborough School in 1925 to join Armstrong Siddeley Ltd. as an apprentice, he has always been based in Warwickshire. He left Armstrong Siddeley after 13 years, when he had become Midland Area Sales Manager, to join the technical sales staff of Lodge Plugs. He was appointed an Executive Director in 1952, Managing Director in 1953 and Chairman in 1959. Mr. Martin-Jones is a Member of the Accessory and Components Manufacturers Section and Committee, Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders and of the City of London Guild of Coach and Harness Makers. Married, with a son and daughter, he lives in an Elizabethan cottage at Dunchurch in Warwickshire. He rides with the North Warwickshire Hunt, is a keen golf and tennis player, and the owner of a sailing dinghy

Last week, the Duke of Edinburgh officially opened the first two British civil nuclear power stations—Berkeley **(above)**, on the Severn estuary, and Bradwell **(below)**, at Bradwell-on-Sea in Essex. Both stations, which have been supplying electricity to the National Grid since last year, were built by the Nuclear Power Group for the CEGB

NUCLEAR POWER GOES COMMERCIAL

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

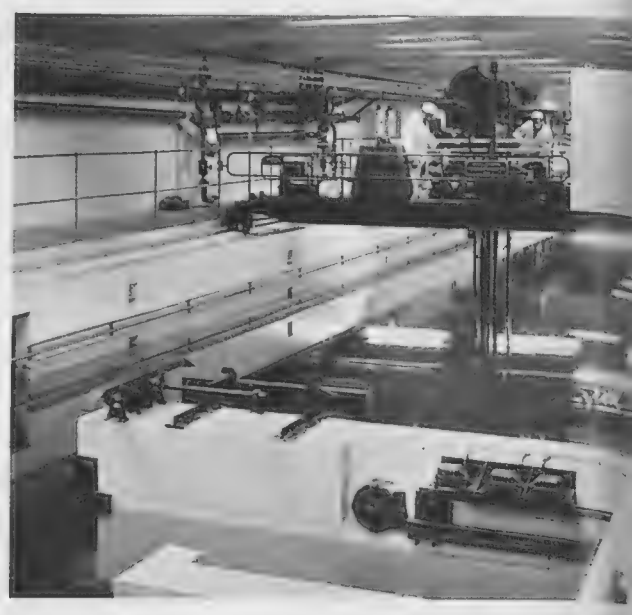
Some time during the last six months, between the commissioning and last week's official opening of the atomic power stations at Berkeley and Bradwell, nuclear engineering can be said to have become a fully commercial business. Just when it will become a very profitable one, for anybody concerned, remains to be seen. But it is fair to say that the horizon of expectations about "breaking even with the fossil fuels" (alias coal and oil) is not at present receding as fast as it seemed to be a few years ago. Electricity from Berkeley and Bradwell will cost more than a penny per unit: Bradwell seems likely to have rather lower costs, but both produce power for well over double the cost that a modern coal-fired station can send it out at. Those costs will be coming down in the later stations of the present Central Electricity Generating Board programme. But so will costs on power stations using coal—and oil. Just when the curve of nuclear costs can be made to cross that of "conventional" power stations depends partly upon technical effort, and partly upon playing about with the accounting.

The technical advances upon Berkeley and Bradwell already embodied in the design of the seven other nuclear stations under construction for the CEGB are very real, particularly in the stations begun last. The stations at Hinkley Point and Trawsfynnyd do not differ radically from those now in operation, but they will be bigger—and that helps quite a little in capital cost, at least. As compared with Berkeley, which cost just under £49,000,000 for 275 megawatts of power sent out, the Trawsfynnyd station will cost nearly £68,000,000 for 500 megawatts. The cost per unit of capacity will be under £136, against nearly £177 for Berkeley. Both figures are higher than was originally hoped. But the trend is downwards.

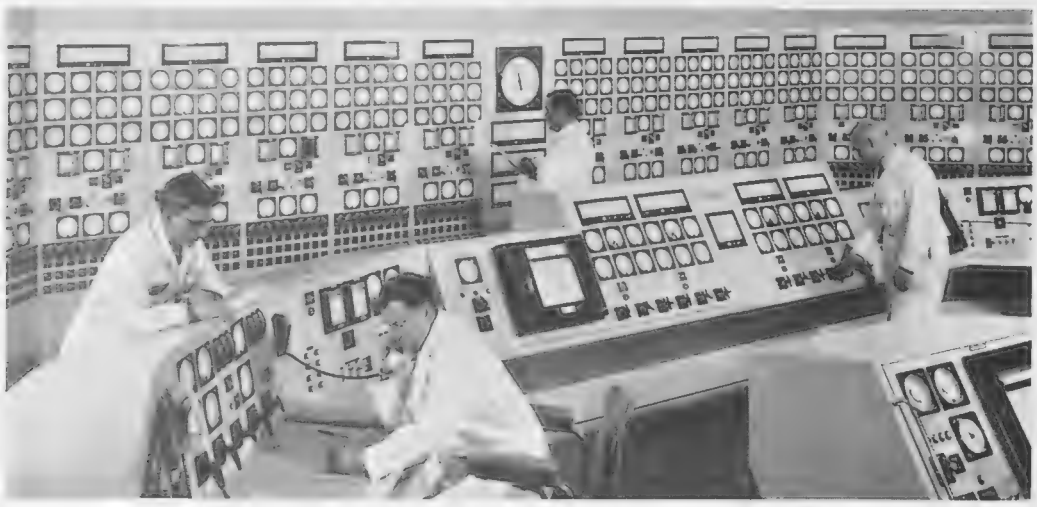
That downtrend becomes more marked in the capital costs of the CEGB's other nuclear stations—though the cost estimates, admittedly, become perhaps a shade hazier. In these too, the main technical changes lie in getting more power per station, by stepping up the size of all the operating units. Berkeley, for example, has eight sets of boilers and circulators for each of its two 137 megawatt reactors: the Sizewell plant will use only four sets for each reactor of 290 megawatts. When Berkeley and Bradwell were designed, structural engineers were slightly appalled by the prospect of bending, welding and fabricating 3-in.

(*Continued on page 66*)

The main turbine hall at Bradwell, showing the six huge turbo-alternators. The station is rated at 300 MW



The irradiated fuel cooling pond at Bradwell



Engineers at work at the reactor control desks in the central control room of Berkeley nuclear power station

The gear for detecting leaks in fuel element cans

NUCLEAR POWER GOES COMMERCIAL

(*Continued from page 65*)

steel plate on site for the pressure vessels that contain the nuclear reactors. At Sizewell they have now to deal with 4-in. plate. But the designers, who have dragged techniques such as this forward with them, have now gone one step beyond. At the Oldbury station the reactors will be contained in a pressure vessel of reinforced concrete. This was first used for reactor shielding by the French; but the British engineers concerned claim to have improved on the French technique.

Improvements such as these have brought the estimated capital cost for the Sizewell and Oldbury plants down to £106 and £111 per kilowatt sent out. Those are beginning to be bearable capital costs for nuclear power, if not perhaps quite low enough to compete with the cheapest coal or oil fired power by the time that these two plants are commissioned in 1966 or so. For several of the new "conventional" power stations now under construction by the CEGB are estimated to cost well under £40 per additional kilowatt, against about £70 a kilowatt when the original cost comparisons between nuclear and conventional power costs were made. Some are under £35 a kilowatt: one oil station, being built at Fawley beside Esso's oil refinery, will cost only just over £31 a kilowatt.

One can probably count on the reduction in nuclear capital costs going on longer and more steadily. Still, the fact remains that since the original nuclear figuring was done the capital costs started at about 30-35 per cent. over what was first hoped, and have since been reduced (still on paper) to about 20 per cent. below that first estimate. During the same period, capital costs for coal or oil stations have come down by more than half. Now the importance of capital charges in the cost of generating electricity from coal or oil is much smaller, and the savings from their reduction correspondingly less. Nuclear generating costs are very largely capital charges, so the reductions matter much more. But they are not yet big enough.

Will the continued downtrend of capital costs make the CEGB's chosen type of nuclear power station—the graphite-moderated, gas-cooled "Magnox" type and its descendants—competitive as a commercial source of electricity? Here the experts tend to disagree somewhat. The CEGB itself thinks that the capital cost of this kind of station might be brought down to about £85 a kilowatt, which on the present kind of accounting would mean power at about a halfpenny a unit. That is as cheaply as the best coal stations can generate power for today. By 1970, however, when the stations that the nuclear engineers are now postulating might be ready, coal and oil power might be had for not much more than a third of a penny per unit, in the most favourable locations from very big and very modern plant. That does not assume much further increase in the price of coal; nor any very significant drop in the price of oil.

Even if such nuclear costs would not be quite competitive, they would justify a good deal more investment in stations of the current "line of descent," since locations and operating circumstances for coal or oil cannot always be ideal, and the best sites are steadily being used up. The Atomic Energy Authority, however, would like the CEGB, as its main customer, to shift emphasis somewhat sooner to other forms of advanced nuclear reactors as power sources. These, in general, offer the chances of bringing capital costs down more sharply, though perhaps slightly higher fuel element costs; they should offer greater reductions in the total costs of generation. For the CEGB and the British engineering companies who have invested so much money and effort in developing one line of reactor, however, the advantages of such a shift of emphasis may not look so compelling so soon.

Between any nuclear reactor, of whatever type, and any coal or oil power station, it is, however, possible to shift the balance a little more favourably by adjusting the accounting. This cannot quite be called cooking the books; all accounting involves various arbitrary assumptions, and nuclear accounting more than most. The method of calculating capital charges from initial cost used in such comparisons by the CEGB already slightly favours the more highly capitalised technique against the less, making nuclear power look slightly better against coal or oil than it otherwise might. On the other hand, the depreciation "lives" it has taken for its nuclear stations, 20 years, are shorter than for conventional stations, and its assumption that they will be used, on the average, for 75 per cent. of each working year may also, for a time, be conservative.

Now the CEGB is considering lengthening out the "lives" allowed for nuclear stations. They seem likely to be able to work as long as other power stations (indeed, what to do with them when they finally give up will be a problem everybody will be glad to postpone). It also thinks the "load factor" allowed might go up from 75 to 85 per

(*Continued on page 68*)

Final alignment of the circular operational skirt on the charge face of No. 1 reactor at Berkeley before bringing the charge/discharge machine (above centre) into operation

NUCLEAR POWER GOES COMMERCIAL

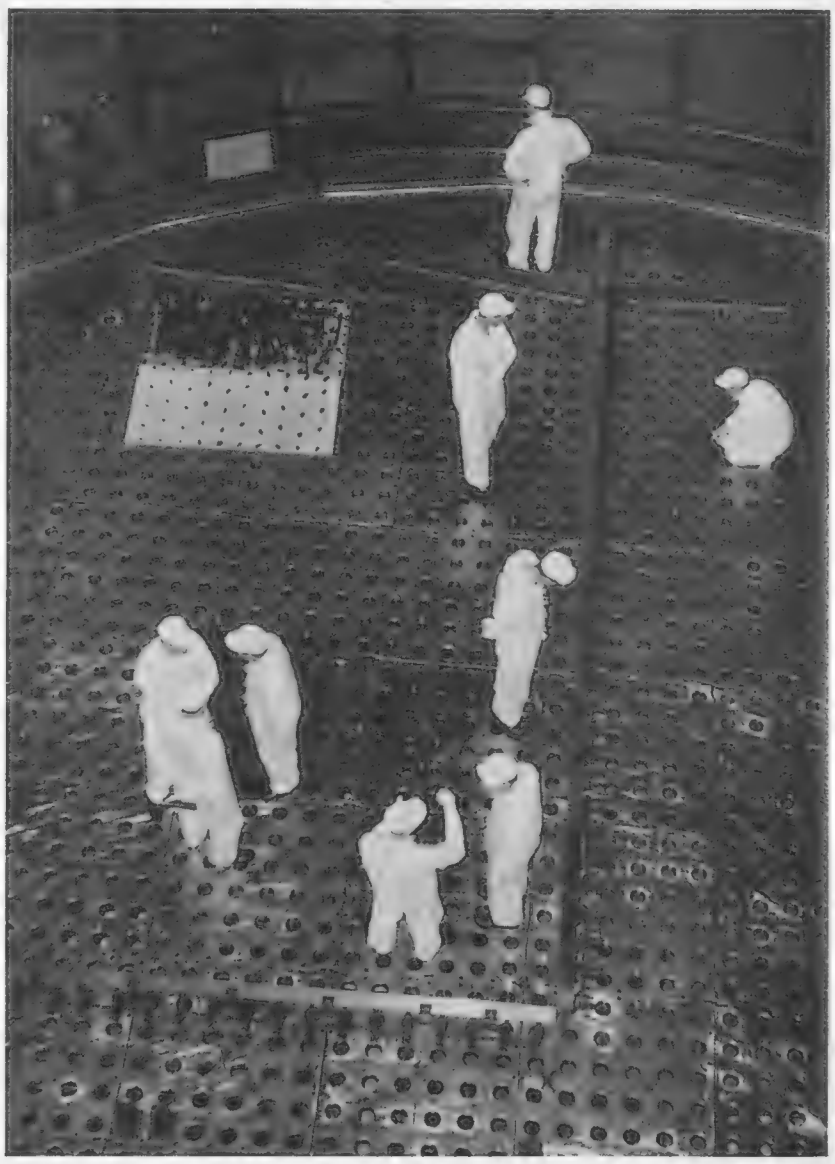
(*Continued from page 66*)

cent., which again, for a limited amount of nuclear capacity, may be realistic. Against this, it has to step up the capital charges somewhat, in view of the higher " earnings target " set by the Government for the whole electricity industry. The net effect of this might be to shave a little off the comparative cost of nuclear generation—whatever form of nuclear station is employed—as compared with coal or oil.

These assumptions still look rather shaky. At a time of capital shortage, ought one to charge a little more interest than usual on particularly capital-intensive techniques? Ought the depreciation " life " of any plant in a rapidly-evolving industrial technique to be set simply according to how long it will last, or should some element of rapid obsolescence be brought in—which would mean reducing the depreciation lives of these stations, not increasing them? And beyond a certain percentage of nuclear capacity in any generating system, can one assume that this can always be used for 85 per cent., or even 75 per cent., of every working year? These are questions of economics and of operating management rather than of technique. It is right, for the present, that they should not be allowed to hold up the pressure towards perfecting a new source of industrial energy that Britain and Europe will vitally need before the end of the century. But they will eventually have to be answered.

Erecting one of the massive 83,000-Kilowatt turbo-alternators at Berkeley. **Right:** A workman at the Poole factory of Nuclear Graphite Ltd. saws a thin slice off a graphite block out of which the cores of Berkeley's two reactors are built

The vast scale of nuclear engineering—an early stage in building Berkeley's reactors



Inside the Pressure Vessel, showing the thick steel support plate for the graphite core

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

POST-BUDGET

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

Somewhat chagrined that there was no colourful and blatant stimulus to consumer spending in the Budget, the City is naturally asking whether the measures announced by the Chancellor last week will work. Work that is to achieve the Cabinet's aim of a reduction in the level of unemployment, or what is the other side of the same coin, an increase in industrial production. The first point that stands out, perhaps, is that this Budget cannot be viewed in isolation, but as part and parcel of the measures that have been taken over the past nine months. The fact that there were none of the expected reductions in purchase tax last week may be partly because the weapon of purchase tax reductions had already been used on cars (last November) and on a whole range of other consumer products (on New Year's Day). Changing purchase tax is a thing that can be done relatively easily between budgets, whereas any stimulus to spending that involves changes in income tax is a complex operation and needs to be geared to the financial year.

What has been particularly awkward for the Chancellor is that his earlier purchase tax measures occurred during one of the severest winters in living memory, a time that would have daunted even the most willing shopper, and thus the real impact of his earlier incentives has been obscured. All that could have been said by the Budget was that the measures had perhaps prevented a further decline in consumer spending on cars and household goods. There is, however, some evidence that even without this latest stimulus in the Budget, the long stagnation of consumer spending in the shops was coming to an end.

However, the changes in income tax which put a considerable amount of spending power in the hands of the lower-paid sector of the community are unlikely to have a very immediate effect. For one thing the changes in the PAYE code do not come into operation until July, so little spending will occur before then. Apart from that back-pay windfall that will suddenly inject a small dose of money into the economy, the actual tax relief will be spread over wage packets throughout the year.

So far, so good. What is much more difficult to assess is the effectiveness of the whole battery of measures in the Budget designed to increase industrial activity and reduce unemployment in certain badly-hit

The new suspension bridge over the Firth of Forth between North and South Queensferry, West Lothian, Scotland, progresses as work begins on the road level. This will comprise two 24-ft. roadways, two cycle tracks and two footpaths. Due for completion early next year, it will be the longest suspension bridge in Europe and the fourth longest in the world. The contractors for the work are ACD Bridge Co.

THE NEW FORTH BRIDGE —A FURTHER STAGE

areas. Apart from relatively small Government grants towards rebuilding, the broad weapon chosen has been tax relief for manufacturing firms that put up new buildings and plant in designated unemployment areas. These incentives, it is true, are attractive by any standards, especially the rule that allows businessmen to write off the whole cost of a plant against one year's tax.

But the crux of the matter remains that with their existing factories under-employed, industrialists are hardly in the mood to put up new factories in parts of the country which are very often disadvantageous in such operating costs as transport and services. In fact, for several months now, requests for planning permission for factories anywhere have been falling steadily. It is doubtful if new incentives, particularly as they are not tied to any time limit, will prove effective at present.

Among other proposals in the Budget that may affect the City and industry one of the most important is the appointment of a leading merchant banker to give an independent opinion on the adoption of a company turnover tax in place of present taxes. The pros and cons of a turnover tax (which can be tied to export incentives) have been wrangled over in private and public for the past year, and both Neddy and the Treasury are split on the issue. At least an independent decision should end the dispute, and if a recommendation in favour is suggested, it opens up the possibility—as the Chancellor hinted last week—of major company tax reform in an autumn Budget.

This possibility is incidentally a salutary reminder of the diminishing importance of the spring Budget in regulating the economy. The fact is the Chancellor can change purchase tax at any time and indeed took care last week to extend his powers to use the purchase tax regulator either up or down. Should the combination of his earlier measures and the present Budget not be working effectively by the autumn, he can easily apply another stimulus. Alternatively he can take action to protect the pound if consumer demand has led to a run on imports before any corresponding improvement in exports. It does look as though this Chancellor is prepared to stand an attack on sterling in the traditionally vulnerable autumn season this year in order to give his measures time to work. He has—and it is perhaps a pity he did not publicise them more emphatically last week—a number of devices at his disposal.

But there is no doubt that this Chancellor, like so many before him, is taking a risk in stimulating home demand without applying either carrot or stick to export manufacture. He could find himself in the awkward predicament this time next year of having to introduce a restrictive Budget just ahead of a general election.

GOOD LIVING *by Ganymede*

This is the right time of the year to look at the lighter and slightly lesser known wines of France. I had a good opportunity to do so during a recent Gastronomic Weekend at Torquay (at The Imperial), which was devoted to the wines as well as the cuisine of Anjou. The most important white wines of this region are sweet, with a flowery, yet delicate bouquet, and rich—what the French call *moelleux*. This is a figure of speech. The literal translation of the word is " full of marrow." They have a high alcohol content as well as sugar, and make an excellent partner for the dessert course. The most famous of these come from the Coteaux du Layon; they are the most luscious of all. The example of this wine served at the end of two of the meals was a recent 1961 vintage, and was delicious. It reminded me of other occasions, when in the houses of friends in Anjou I have been offered others of great age, served with the respect they deserve. For these wines not only last well, they improve as the years go by and become more and more like a fine liqueur. Readers will have guessed by now, that these wines have a strong resemblance to the wines of Sauternes and the German Trockenbeerenauslese wines. While they have their own distinct character which comes from the local soil and the Chenin grape (Pinot de la Loire), they are also harvested after the appearance of the *pourriture noble*, making for a highly concentrated must, rich in sugar and fruitiness.

Not all the whites of the region, however, are sweet or rich. We also had served to us two examples of the drier and lighter wines: Saumur Blanc Sec and Coteaux de la Loire Blanc Sec. Both were fairly young, 1961s to be precise, and both were fresh, delicate and dry enough to go well with most fish courses, or to be served at the beginning of a meal generally. I was most impressed by the Saumur Blanc Sec; it had a charming little nose and a delicate crispness reminiscent of one of the simpler Alsace wines. I would imagine these would be at their best while still young and still in possession of their great freshness.

The rosés are probably the best known of the Anjou wines in this country and elsewhere in Europe. They are light, fresh, not too dry, fairly fruity, remarkably easy to drink and most suitable with lunch on a warm, summer day, or when a light wine is needed and a compromise must be made between red and white. They are best drunk when very young, the two we had on this occasion were both 1962s. They were representatives of the two distinct types of rosé which are made in Anjou. The best types are made from the Cabernet grapes only, and they are called Anjou Rosé Cabernet. These are fairly high in alcohol and a little sweeter than the other kind, simply called Rosé d'Anjou. The latter, made of the Groslot grapes, are noticeably lighter in alcohol and much drier, and hence they may be even more acceptable as a hot weather wine. I know that many wine lovers look down upon rosés as such, but I feel quite strongly, that these light, pink wines—and others from other regions—have a legitimate place in the more comprehensive repertoire of wines.

It is only on limestone soil that the Cabernet grapes produce good red wines. That is why the production of reds is restricted to a small part of the region. The best of the red wines come from around the commune of Souzay-Champigny, and the example we were offered was a Saumur-Champigny 1961. We had it twice, and it speaks well for its adaptability that it went equally well with a Gigot de Pré Salé Rôti and a delicious chicken dish, Dodine de Volaille Saumuroise. It is a fairly full wine, with a pleasant bouquet in its youth, which I am told is likely to fade away with age. I was also told that it was the favourite wine of Clemençeau.

To crown this series we also tasted the Saumur Mousseux, one of the most famous of the French sparkling wines. Naturally, it cannot boast the elegance and superb quality of Champagne, but a good Saumur Mousseux, especially if it is of the "brut" variety (the driest made) such as this one was, makes a very acceptable drink. Personally, I prefer it drunk as an apéritif, as I do Champagne, but it can also be enjoyed at the end of a meal. Like Champagne, it is a blend of the juice from red grapes and white. The white Chenin is the best grape of the region, to which is added the juice, quickly separated from the skins, of the red Cabernet or Groslot grapes.

In addition to drinking Saumur Mousseux Brut on its own, we also had an opportunity to try it as an ingredient of a cocktail. Unlike a Champagne cocktail, this had for its other ingredient a new liqueur (only a very small quantity), called Majestic. There was a good reason for this experiment, the weekend was also the occasion for the first introduction of Majestic to the British Public. It was done by M. and Madame Robert Cointreau in person. Majestic is a new addition to the Regnier range of liqueurs, made at the Cointreau distillery in Anger (they are Framboise, Cherry and Apricot). It is a Curaçao with a cognac base, and I found it very cleverly balanced. It has the same alcohol strength as Cointreau, 70 deg. proof, and will be sold at the same price

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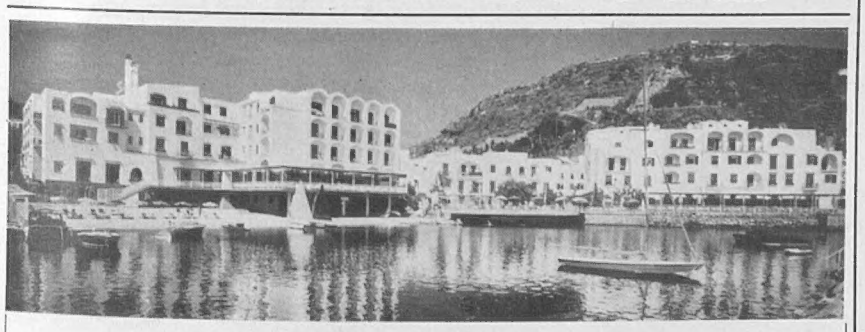

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MOTORING

MORE MINI VARIATIONS

Centenaries of Sir Henry Royce and Henry Ford

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

I've lost count of the many Mini variations introduced by the British Motor Corporation since the basic model of this amazing little front-wheel drive, independently sprung, four-seater was first announced. There is no end to them, it seems. Latest additions to the list are a competition model called the S-type Mini-Cooper; and new Riley Elf and Wolseley Hornets with more powerful engines.

This is how a BMC official described the S-type to me: "Basically, it remains a compact, speedy, family saloon, ideally suited to rallying; but with further tuning it is expected to have great potential for saloon car racing." I'll say! It has a short-stroke, 1,071 c.c. "over square" engine with a compression ratio of nine to one and a power output of 70 brake horse-power at 6,000 r.p.m. It is based on the BMC engine developed with the help of the Coopers, *père et fils*, for Formula Junior racing. It has special valve gear, a modified clutch and strengthened three-bearing crankshaft. Alternative gear ratios are offered, 7½ inch disc brakes are fitted at the front and there is a brake booster. The S-type does not replace the 997 c.c. Mini-Cooper but is supplementary to it.

The new engine for the Elf and Hornet Mini variants is of 998 c.c. but BMC have made it clear that it is not merely a single carburetter version of the 997 c.c. Mini-Cooper engine. The junior Riley and Wolseley now have 38 brake horse-power and a 6 per cent increase in top speed. Prices are unchanged at £574 for the Elf and £556 for the Hornet.

Let us now pay homage to two great men of the world of motoring who were born 100 years ago. Sir Henry Royce first saw the light on March 27, 1863, and Mr. Henry Ford came into the world in the same year. In their very different ways these two geniuses made historic contributions to the development of motoring.

Apart from the car manufacturing empire he left behind and which is still flourishing and expanding, the most lasting memorial to Henry Ford is the legend of his Model T "Tin Lizzy"—to use an affectionate nickname for the world's first people's car, which preceded the Volkswagen by many years. The Model T Ford first appeared in 1908. In the ensuing 19 years 15,007,033 were built: more than 2,000,000 of them in the peak year, 1923, by which time the price of the Model T had come down from the dollar equivalent of £212 to only about £75 for the open tourer. By pioneering the application of what we now know as time and motion study to automobile production and introducing the moving assembly line, Henry Ford brought motoring to the masses with a vehicle famous for its transverse leaf springs, front and back, and its advanced two-speed epicyclic gearbox.

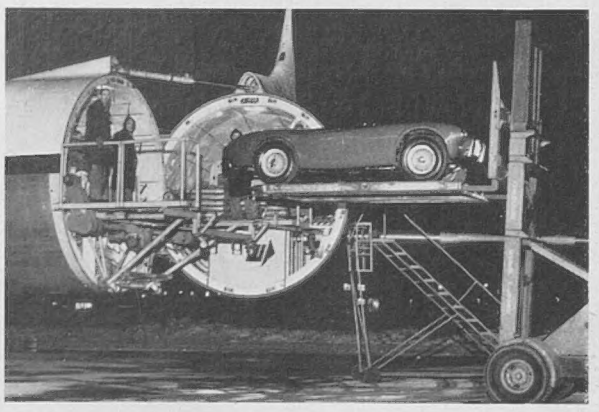
There has never been another car quite like the Model T Ford in its ability to inspire in the breast of its owner such passionate love and vehement denigration (mostly when the darned thing wouldn't start).

Royce was born near Peterborough and was a railway apprentice before starting the firm of F. H. Royce and Co. to manufacture electric lamp holders and filaments. He finished building his first car in 1904. It was a twin-cylinder 10 h.p. model which ran so smoothly that it greatly impressed the Hon. C. S. Rolls, salesman of expensive Continental cars, who went up to Manchester to meet the designer and builder of the new English car about which he was hearing so much in London. Rolls linked up with Royce to form one of the most successful partnerships in the history of motoring; one which soon produced the Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost, a car which is as famous in its way as Henry Ford's flivver.

Three-wheelers like the Reliant Regal, Trojan 200 and Bond Minicar are becoming increasingly popular as maids-of-all-work in the growing number of Britain's two-car families but they still appeal mainly to motor-cyclists who want to have an intermediate degree of inexpensive comfort and weather protection before they finally graduate to a four-wheeler.

Their popularity among ex-motor-cyclists is likely to grow further now that Mr. Ernest Marples has announced his intention of amending the driving licence regulations in their favour. A motor-cyclist holding a G-category licence has been allowed to drive a three-wheeler without taking a car licence test provided the vehicle was not capable of being driven in reverse. To meet this requirement, many motor-cyclists had the reversing mechanism blanked off and made inoperative. This did not satisfy the police and magistrates in some areas and a number of G-licence holders have been prosecuted and convicted for driving three-wheelers with blanked-off reverse gears.

When the Transport Minister announced his intention of legalising beyond all doubt the use of reversible three-wheelers by holders of G-category licences there was a considerable feeling of relief among owners of three-wheelers and the firms who build them: chiefly, Lambretta-Trojan, Sharp's Commercials Ltd. (Bond) and Reliant. Shortly afterwards, however, a High Court ruling was given in favour of an appeal by a North Country police force against the dismissal by the local magistrates of a summons against a motor-cyclist for driving a three-wheeler with a blanked-off reverse. Once again, there was confusion but it was cleared up when, in answer to a Parliamentary question by Mr. Roger Gresham-Cooke, Mr. Marples reaffirmed his intention of changing the driving licence regulations as soon as possible and, in effect, gave the owners of bubble-cars a green light for the continued use of their handy little economy cars without fear of prosecution.



One of the two A.C. Cobras flown to the U.S. for the 12-hour Sebring race in Florida is loaded into a Canadair freighter of Seaboard Ltd. at London airport. **Right:** The new S-type Mini-Cooper. **Below:** Mr. Goldberg, the managing director of Welbeck Minicabs of London, accepts the first of his new fleet of 300 Ford Cortinas

I went to Longbridge to see Mr. George Harriman, chairman of the British Motor Corporation, "hand over" 40 Mini-vans to Sir Denis Truscott, vice-chairman of the AA, who have placed an initial order for 200 of these front-wheel-drive vans and who are planning to replace all their road patrol motor-cycle combinations with these vehicles within five years. The first 40 made an impressive line-up in their familiar yellow livery and it is obvious that apart from being more comfortable for the AA patrols they can carry a lot more equipment and so be of greater service to AA members.

Briefly. . . . Britain's motor factories built cars at the rate of 30,468 a week in February—the highest February level ever and the best monthly performance since May 1960. . . . Holt Products, New Addington, Surrey, announce an improved kit of metallised Cataloy paste (4s. 6d.) for filling in bodywork dents. It is easy to use and the repair can be finished off with one of Holt's factory-matched aerosol paint sprays. . . .

Books that have come my way lately include *The Learner Driver* by Norman Sullivan (Newnes. 21s.) and one which deals with a more advanced form of driving: *Mini Racing* (Harrap. 5s.) by Christabel Carlisle, the Mini expert who makes many men drivers gnash their teeth with envy. . . . The 3,000,000th Lambretta scooter has just been built in Madrid by a Spanish firm who makes this Italian run-about under licence. Lambrettas are now built in ten countries and used in over 100.

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

Looking Ahead. It is inherent for the human race to take a forward look. Babes are looking forward to their bottle, school children to the holidays, and, as age brings responsibilities, grown-ups not only have to look, but plan ahead.

As a member of the British Travel and Holidays Association, I am well posted in Coming Events, and over and above personal occasions such as weddings and holidays, certain annual events keep cropping up when the problem of hotels to stay at arises.

The Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon this year run from June 24 to July 6, and enquiries concerning hotel accommodation are already trickling in. My advice is as hitherto, make a London hotel your choice and travel each way by train, District or Southern Railways, and taxi to the ground. It does so happen that in our quest for good hotels, both large and small, we have unearthed an amazing little place—outwardly just a private house, and inwardly as clean and modern as a new pin. All bedrooms have, of course, h. and c. basins, fitted carpets, comfortable beds, and cheerful wallpapers and furniture. Now comes the rub—only 14 guests can be accommodated. Lunches are only served at weekends and, as Mrs. Mitchell does all the cooking personally, vacant accommodation is not easily obtainable. Although I imagine *Trochee*, 21, Malcolm Road, Wimbledon, S.W.19, Tel. WIMbledon 3924, must be booked up for the Wimbledon Meeting, it is a good little place to know of for those who have no desire to stay in the heart of London. Waterloo is only 15 minutes' train journey and Wimbledon station is within a few minutes' walking distance of the house.

The annual Small-Bore Rifle Association Meeting at Bisley has not, of course, the same public appeal as the Lawn Tennis Championships, but there are hundreds of keen marksmen from all over the world who look ahead eagerly to this annual tourney.

Such will be glad to know of a country house hotel which has recently opened exactly half way between Woking and Guildford, only a few miles from the ranges, *The Mayford Manor Hotel*. Even more interesting to Bisley enthusiasts is the fact that the owners are Mr. and Mrs. Norman McCaw, and Mr. McCaw is not only a Queen's Prize winner, but also has been second and third in this exacting competition.

There can be few places outside the suburbs which has such a fast and frequent train service to London as Woking. Four main lines serve this station, so the town is easily reached from Portsmouth, Southampton, Bournemouth and the West Country.

Our initial visit was in the depths of the winter, so the cocktail bar was all the more welcoming. We were delighted also with our meal and warm bedroom. For an extended stay, we should emphasise that Worplesdon and West Hill Golf Courses are close by and the hotel is quietly situated away from the road.

Particulars have just come to hand of the 1963 Chichester Festival Season, which opens on Monday, June 24, with the production of Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan*, followed by a revival of *Uncle Vanya*, and the presentation of a new play by John Arden *The Workhouse Donkey*.

Apart from the fact that early application for seats should be made, here arises once again the problem of where to eat prior to or after the performances, and for those who live at a distance, where to stay. The former, for those in the know, is easily solved. Within walking distance of the theatre is *The Old Cross Inn* in North Street. Mr. and Mrs. Derek Bates, Mine Hosts, have earned justifiable fame for their excellent cooking, fine wines and friendly, efficient service. Not a year goes by without some improvement being made, so whether you prefer the Regency Buffet, the intimate Tudor Dining-Room and have cocktails (try a whisky sour) and coffee after dinner—Gaelic perhaps—in the Mediterranean Lounge, you are most unlikely to go out dissatisfied. All the cooking is done to order; wines are correctly served; an infra-red grill, deep frier and Cona coffee machine are in the background, and table appointments, lighting and flowers are most effective.

Three miles away, more extensive accommodation is available at *The Richmond Arms*, Waterbeach, Goodwood, which adjoins Goodwood Park. A charming house, done up in first-class style, the Restaurant—for the benefit of Festival Theatre-goers, remains open until midnight and, as there are 11 tastefully furnished bedrooms, you might be fortunate enough to get accommodation.

Additional to the above, it should also be noted that a new Watney-Lyon Motel will be opened in the summer at the junction of the Chichester/Arundel road, the Chichester by-pass and a turning off to Goodwood. It is now being developed around an existing Watney house, *The White Swan*, and will be able to offer some 34 motel rooms and extensive restaurant facilities.

Other addresses for meals and accommodation for the Chichester Festival Season, or for Goodwood Race Meeting, are in Arundel—*The Norfolk Arms* and *Bridge Hotel, Camellia* and *Maltravers Restaurants*. At Fittleworth, near Pulborough, *The Swan*; at Chilgrove (on the Chichester/Petersfield road) *The White Horse* (no accommodation); at Singleton (Midhurst/Chichester road) *The Horse and Groom*; at Midhurst, *The Angel* and *Spread Eagle Hotels*; at Bognor Regis the *Royal Norfolk*; at Selsey, *Trees Hotel and Restaurant*. Nor, in Chichester, itself, must I omit—other than *The Old Cross Inn*—*The Dolphin and Anchor* (Trust House), *The Ship Hotel* and the smaller *Globe*, by the station.

If Chichester and district presents some problems for hotel seekers, Stratford-on-Avon must surely be the most formidable problem of all, for I have yet to find an overseas visitor who does not make tracks for Shakespeare's birthplace. Fortunately, good hotel accommodation which, following the war, was almost non-existent—is now well cared for. For the affluent there is that excellent British Transport Services hotel, *The Welcome*. There is an excellent Trust House in the shape of *The Shakespeare*. *The Swan's Nest* is an hotel with a very high percentage of room occupancy and is also popular among non-residents in that it has a reputation for good food.

ABERDOVEY, WALES. TREFEDDIAN HOTEL
A family run hotel overlooking golf links and sandy beach. Excellent cuisine. New Cocktail Bar. Brochure with pleasure. Tel.: 213.

BALLACHULISH, ARGYLL. BALLACHULISH HOTEL
Magnificently situated and well placed for Highland touring. Comfortable bedrooms, restful lounges, food and service of repute. Fully licensed. Tel.: 239.

BOURNEMOUTH, ALUM CHINE. STUDLAND DENE HOTEL
Enjoy good fare in this comfortable friendly hotel in sunny position nearest sea. Fully Licensed. Always open. Tel.: Westbourne 64024.

BOURNEMOUTH, CANFORD CLIFFS. HARBOUR HEIGHTS HOTEL***
Terraced grounds, few yards from water's edge. Sea and Harbour views. Sandy beaches, sailing, golf nearby. Modern luxury with some private baths, fine cuisine and wines. Fully Licensed. Tel.: Canford Cliffs 77272.

BOURNEMOUTH, HANTS. CHESTERWOOD HOTEL
Well placed on the East Cliff facing sea, with entertainment for all the family. Garden and Games Room, Dancing and Film Shows, beach bungalow, Cocktail Bar. Tel.: 28057.

BROCKENHURST, NEW FOREST. BALMER LAWN HOTEL
Has a distinctive atmosphere and cuisine. Private baths, Cocktail Bar. Own Riding Stables. Golf nearby. A.A. **** R.A.C. Tel.: 3116.

GLIFFAES COUNTRY HOUSE HOTEL
Nr. CRICKHOWELL, BRECON. Amidst beautiful scenery overlooking River Usk. Own fishing (Salmon and Trout). Tennis, golf, riding. A.A. *** Tel.: BWLCH 371.

BY DALMALLY, ARGYLL. ARDBRECKNISH HOUSE HOTEL
A fine old country house in Western Highlands, hospitable, comfortable, good table, cellar. Fishing, loch boating. Tel.: Kilchrenan 223.

Nr. DOLGELLAU, N. WALES.
BONTDDU HALL
One of the best hotels in Wales, with superb views of mountains and water. The Gourmet Room provides menus of distinction. Cocktail Bar. Golf, Bathing. Tel.: Bontddu 209.

Nr. DRUMNADROCHIT, LOCH NESS. LEWISTON ARMS
an old Scottish Inn. Fine scenic centre. Salmon, trout fishing and pony-trekking. Proprietors: Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. G. M. Malcolm. Tel.: Drumnadrochit 225.

GUERNSEY, CHANNEL ISLANDS. LA COLLINETTE HOTEL
A small hotel facing south in St. Peter Port. Good food. Cocktail Bar. Suites. Laundry. Brochure from P. H. Chambers. Central 2585.

HERM ISLAND, CHANNEL ISLES.
A superb, self-contained and peaceful holiday retreat with safe, sandy, sunny and sheltered beaches. Our hotel—
THE WHITE HOUSE
offers comfort, excellent cuisine and service. Write for tariff and visit the island at its loveliest in April, May, June.

JERSEY, C.I. LONGUEVILLE MANOR HOTEL
A centrally heated country-house hotel, yet close to sea, sport, entertainment. Every comfort, good food, fully licensed. Always open. (1st. Reg.)

NEW FOREST, LYNDHURST. PARKHILL HOTEL
Amidst lovely scenery and mild climate. Gracious country house living can be enjoyed the year round by all age groups. Tel.: 111.

ST. ANDREWS, FIFE. RUFFLETS HOTEL
for golf, sands, sunshine, invigorating sea air. Delightfully placed in 10 acres of glorious grounds. Country-home comfort and fare. Tel.: 249.

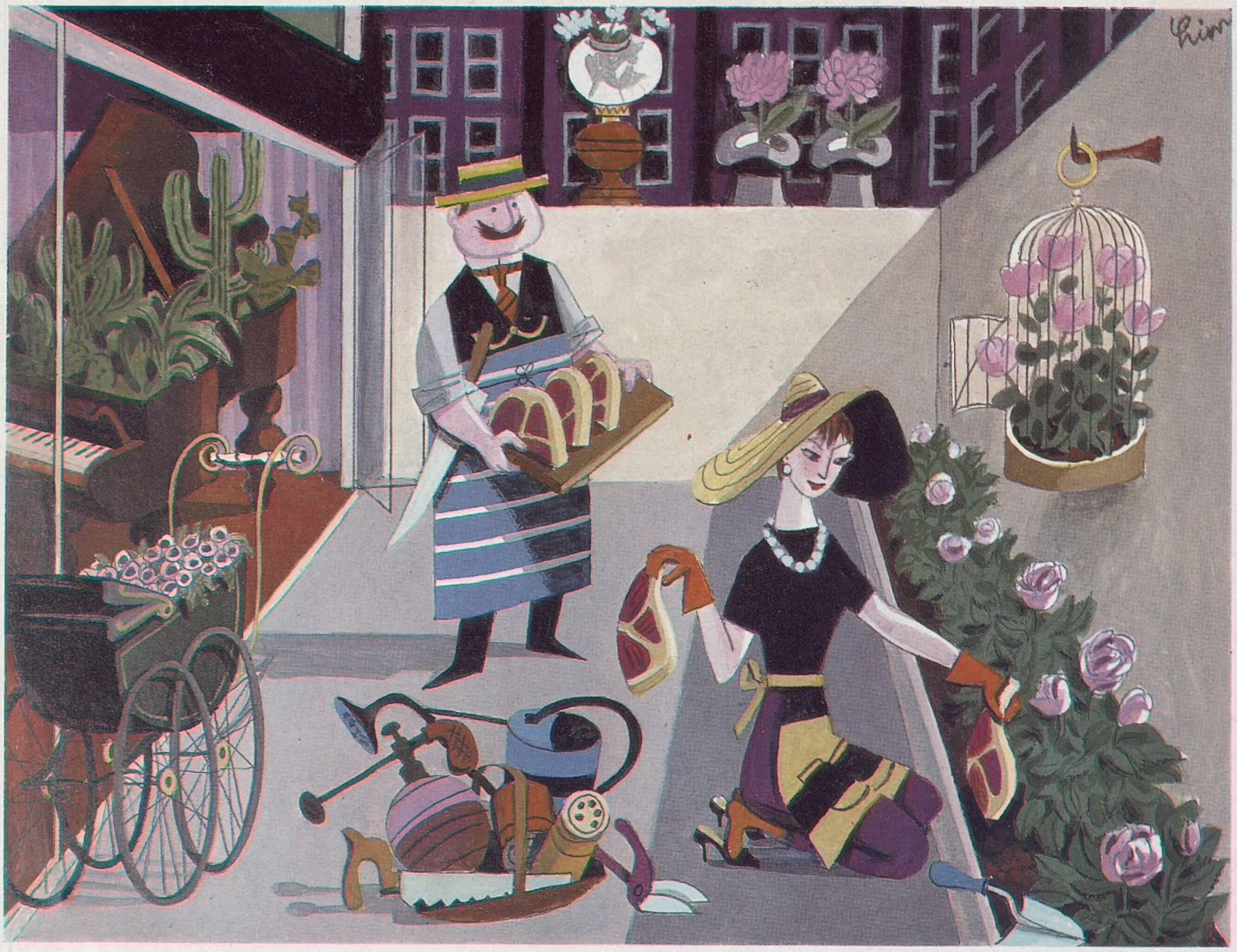
SARK, CHANNEL ISLES. LA SABLONNERIE
A converted and convivial XVIth century farmhouse. Ideal in spring and early summer when Sark is most beautiful. Fully Licensed. Tel.: Sark 61.

SCOTLAND, Spittal O'Glenshee. DALMUNZIE HOTEL
'twixt Blairgowrie and Braemar, for Highland Touring. A private estate with golf, tennis, fishing, shooting, climbing. Cocktail Bar. Tel.: Glenshee 207.

SCOTLAND, Kirkcudbrightshire. GATEHOUSE-OF-FLEET. THE MURRAY ARMS
where Burns wrote "Scots Wha' Hae." Attractive food, wine. Tastefully modernised and comfortably appointed. Tel.: 207.

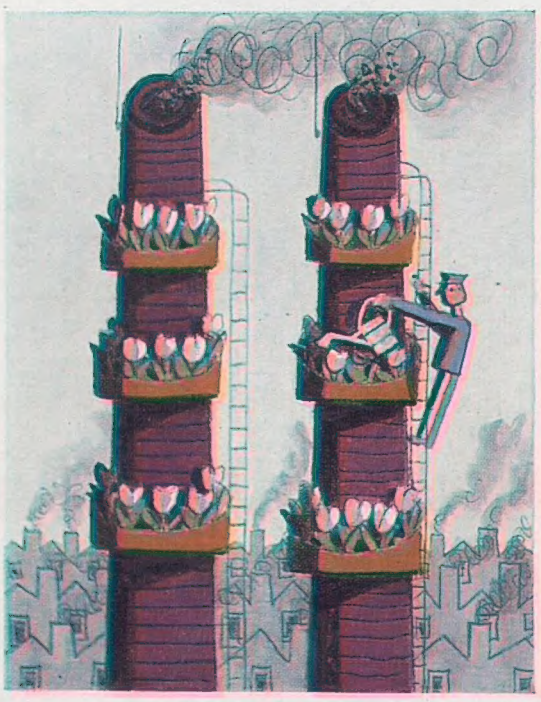
TROON, SCOTLAND. THE MARINE HOTEL
Overlooking two Golf Courses and without equal on the West Coast of Scotland. Luxurious suites. Private baths. Superb cuisine. Illustrated brochure available on request. Tel.: Troon 980.

WALES. LAKE VYRNWY HOTEL
in a setting of tranquillity 1,000 feet up. Mountains around, the lake below. Trout fishing, shooting, tennis, swimming or complete relaxation. Address via Oswestry.



TRADITION IN SCHWEPPSHIRE

2. LOVE OF GARDENING



The average man of Schweppshire is proud of its beauty, but it is not very Schweppian to say so. Nature is not to be stared at; it must be climbed, ridden across or played golf over.

Flowers are an exception to this rule, but then garden flowers are not really nature, particularly if garden space is short. Old baby grands, not too moist, make a suitable setting for a small range of cactus taken from the Arizona desert. The top of the bicycle shed may be the perfect place for *Sedum corrugatum* (we recommend "Blushing Bride") and Mr. O. O. Keeting, pointsman at Schwepping Undercote, has shown that wonders can be done with a bulb garden placed in contrasting parallels between sidings Number Two and Number Three. Though the corms of "Dame Edith" suffered winter withdrawal, by the simple device of planting a pork chop under the roots of "Nefertiti", amazing display and fragrance were achieved.

When not making a carnation look like a dahlia and vice versa, the real gardener knows that his real job is to get down on his hands and weed with a broken dinner knife, though he may prefer to use the tubular steel "Eesi-to-neel" or McGoo's "Scroo-em-out". But he will never be without a rain gauge, a compost for encouraging compost heaps, or a humidometer. Even the occasional wild flower is allowable, so long as it is made absolutely clear that it is meant to be where it is though not of course where it isn't.

To make fertile the frigidaire and reproduce Nile delta conditions for the plants climbing up the mantel over the fireplace —that is the instinct, and it is a good one. It finds perfect expression in Schweppshire.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH